

PORTRAIT OF A MEDIA FREAK OUT: THE REAL "HENRY" SPEAKS!



VIDEO

G U I D E

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WINTER 1991

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DIRECTORS
START TO
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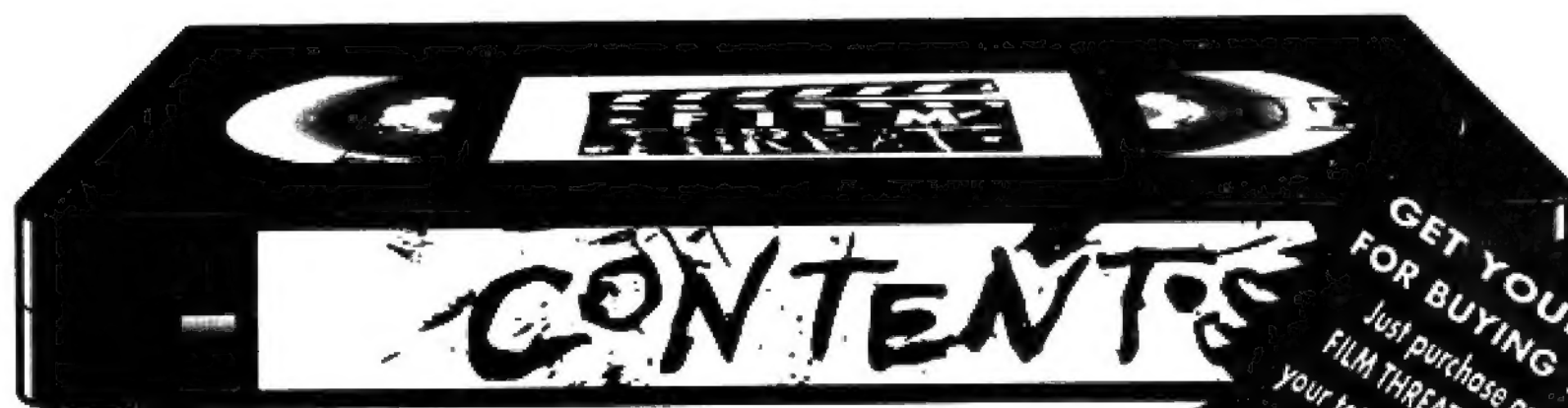
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SPECIAL THANKS & MORE

To that funky Gore-man and the Mickster for being such fun to hang with and that special babe in S.F. who makes me hotter'n Georgia asphalt. Also, to the very few people who risked their ad money on this issue. It's nice to know that some people have faith. To the rest of you dead-beats, we may not list quite so much info in the review section next time, so break open the cheekbooks and start writing. And to Christine Saxton—just know we're pulling for you!

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**GET YOUR MONEY BACK
FOR BUYING THIS MAGAZINE!!!**
Just purchase any tape available through
FILM THREAT VIDEO and subtract \$2.50 from
your total. The video order form is on page 59.

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All right, so I didn't really get any mail of my own for this issue. Luckily, I found these choice notes on somebody's desk. Send your complaints to:

Film Threat Video Guide
6646 Hollywood Blvd #205
Los Angeles, CA 90028

FORMER SUBSTANCE ABUSER RICHARD KERN IS SOMEWHAT APOLOGETIC...



Dear Christian,

Sorry if I gave you too much crap on our last correspondence but I had only been off drugs for a few months and now, looking back, I can clearly see how tweaked I was...Anyway, I'm back in business and this is a new tape I just stuck together to keep some cash flowing while I'm working on a REAL project. Who knows what the future holds, right? I've also gotta take back anything I said in anger about your mag but christ, IX You called me a deadbeat and that's one thing I can't stand. Besides, I was way the fuck out of my head. Fortunately, your offices didn't take me off the mailing list or I would have never been able to read an interview with Tracy Lords.

Anyway, I'll drop you a line again sometimes—I didn't want to apologize for my stupidity until I was a bit more in control of my brain.

I feel, I hate Apologizing Anytime!

later

Gee Rich, neither Chris or myself think you're STUPID. Maybe confused and directionless, but definitely not STUPID. But what's really interesting about your little note was the bizarre homage on the back. Sometimes it's difficult to let go. Good luck with your recovery and thanks for the \$20!



SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Hi Chris!

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to straighten out a few things. People reading the Susan Tyrrell interview in this issue may experience a feeling of "deja vu."

The exact same interview appeared in *Psychotronic Video* #6. Both interviews were conducted by me.

My interview was stolen by Stan "Stain" Fairington and submitted to *Psychotronic*'s Michael Weldon as being his own.

When I discovered what had happened, I contacted Weldon and told him it was mine. Weldon said I would receive some credit.

Psychotronic Video #6 came out, and I was thanked in miniscule type "for arranging and helping with the interview." Upset, I called Weldon, where he assured me that he makes no profit from *Psychotronic* and that it is a magazine "for fans by fans." He also told me over the telephone, "just because you've written for various magazines I've enjoyed over the years, that doesn't count for anything!" I gave Weldon Tyrrell's number to verify that it was I, and not Fairington who conducted the interview.

Some time later, he called and apologized—Tyrrell backs me up that I was the one who conducted the interview. An apology of sorts runs in the new edition of *Psychotronic Video*, with this integral part of the story left out.

In *Psychotronic Video* magazine "for fans by fans!"

Sincerely,

GREG GOODSSELL

Unfortunately, Greg's wonderful Susan Tyrrell interview could not be printed by FILM THREAT. Due to the "confusion" at *Psychotronic Video*, it was decided that a repeated printing was not in our best interest. Hopefully, their editorial staff will get on the ball in the future.

DID WE EVER REVIEW THEIR TAPE?!

Dear Film Threat People,

To answer your question, *Yes* Flybleeder is still active. Bad hey, did you ever review our last compilation tape? I am assuming from your letter that you did but I still have not seen it. F.T. seemed to disappear from the stores where I was used to picking it up at. I have now re located in Chicago where I am continuing to make films and videos. I will gladly send you my new trash if you would only send me a copy of the review, or any kind of feed-back

Thanks
Best-o-luck

Tobias Allen
Flybleeder Productions
1746 N Humboldt Blvd
Chicago, IL 60647

New
Home →

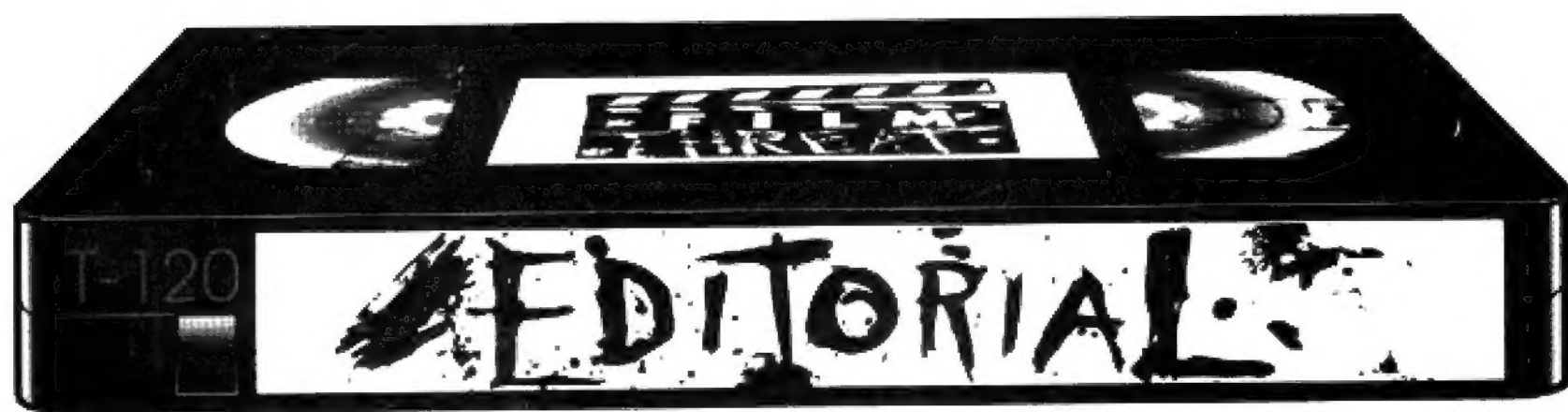
I'm shocked and insulted. Of course we reviewed it. Please send more!

FLYBREEDER COMPILATION 1988-89

\$15.00 VHS only
7708 1/2 Greenwood Ave.,
Seattle, WA 98103

From FT #22:

This small offering from the rainy city of Seattle reminds me of my days in college when my friends and I would get drunk and videotape our escapades, only to watch them a hour later, laugh and go to bed. However, there is a fundamental difference - we were drunk and improvising, whereas these films were obviously scripted.
-DeeDee



After FILM THREAT publisher/editor Chris Gore spent 20 minutes whining about how tired he was, I finally relented to helm this cheap spinoff mag—suspiciously titled FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE. I thought it could be fun. Boy was I wrong. Not only is working for Gore a royal pain in the ass (for reasons I'm sure many of you understand oh-so-well), but I soon found that there was actually some competition out there on the racks.

Yup, those Psycho-whatever guys with their crummy newsprint rags that they shamelessly hawk for three bucks (or \$2.75, what's the real dif?) despite pages and pages of advertisements. Both of them really suck. No, not because of the cheezy high school yearbook-style layouts, endless plot summaries or pandering text that accompanies the grainy pictures (I'm already used to the typical fanzine aesthetics)—no, that's not why. What really gets to me is that I've seen one too many articles on Susan Tyrell. (Don't get me wrong kind readers! I love her, but Mr. Weldon knows what I mean.) I'm tired of "The Munsters," "The Addams Family" and Russ Meyer (until his book finally comes out). That whole Betty Page thing. Yes, even John Waters, until he does something different. Even (although it's somewhat hypocritical), David Lynch.

There's nothing NEW between those sepia pages. Nothing about the future. Or even the recent past. They just seem to cover the same hackneyed cult/subculture/was-been scene in their little fan style. That's why FT VIDEO GUIDE isn't going to compete with those guys. Why? We don't have to. Since 1990 is quickly coming to a close, we aren't going to waste time or pages on anything you've seen before. Not unless we've got some kind of scoop or new angle. New information you can use to get what you want. Subvert or comply. Think or be entertained. Take action or sit on the couch with a bag of Cajun-flavored Doritos,



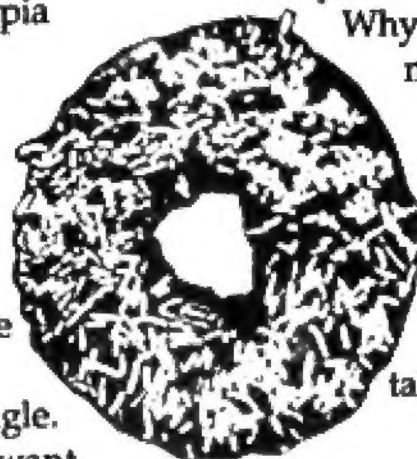
not worrying because you know they'll make more. That's what FT VIDEO GUIDE is about.

So about this issue...

No, this isn't "devil's advocate" on a grand scale. But there is a need out there to flip some dirt on otherwise clean noses and give a little credit where it's due. There are people out there breaking their backs to make the kinds of films they want to see—things that are too childish, too perverted or too good to be made in any other way. They deserve a look. They deserve the support and attention that independent film & video making has been missing for the last decade. So why do I have David Lynch on the cover and a major story about Henry:

Portrait of a Serial Killer, one of the last year's most talked-about features? To get you to buy this mag in the first place. To get others like you to do the same thing.

Why do we have to do that? Because there's no money in promoting unseen shorts by obscure film/video makers. We do that part for free. So far as I'm concerned, Lynch owes us the attention getting power his face gives the cover. The makers of Henry owe us that. We made them what they are today. We took them seriously when they were nobodies. So take a chance. Find a nobody in here.



David E. Williams

DAVE



WHAT & WHY IS FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE?

Welcome to the first issue of the FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE. What we're on the verge of is a flood of new filmmakers who are now able to get their shorts and features distributed on a small scale through FILM THREAT. The Video Guide will act as THE source for underground and unusual videotapes. Any title that may have a very select audience will be listed here.

FILM THREAT will not accept just any video that is sent to us for consideration for distribution. Expect to be able to purchase only the best unusual videotapes. (Also, as you will see this issue, the reviews of FILM THREAT VIDEO titles are very impartial.) That is not to say that other titles not available through us are bad, they are just filmmakers who have chosen to sell their tapes themselves. What's exciting about all this is that when FILM THREAT MAGAZINE goes national (i.e. sells out) this spring, we won't lose our old audience because you will still be able to read about the good shit in the Video Guide.

I'd also like to mention that I am NOT the editor of the Video Guide. The Editor-in-Chief is Dave Williams who is more than capable (he started out as a reader and an annoying letter writer in Hate Mail). Dave is just nice enough to allow me this space to bullshit about whatever's on my mind. Now that I have that out of the way I can sound off which is what I really like to do.

ROLE MODELS

I was asked recently who my role models were and at first I told the person who asked that I had no role models. On closer examination I found that I really did. The first role model that came to mind was David Cronenberg whose films I love and who I admire for

being able to leak subversive ideas into the mainstream through his demented films. I also consider HUSTLER magazine founder Larry Flynt to be a role model for going all the way to the supreme court for the first amendment and winning. I also admire his irreverent publishing career (except the part about getting shot).

But Bugs Bunny is perhaps my biggest role model. Bugs doesn't take shit from anybody. He outwits his enemies (most of the time). Remember the cartoon with the big wrestler that kicks the little bunny's ass? Or the uptight opera singer that smashes Bugs' musical instruments as he tries to practice his singing? Bugs NEVER turns the other cheek. He doesn't win every battle but he always wins the war. Bugs has fun just fucking with people. That's something I can really relate to. But what about Mickey Mouse? I always hated Mickey's cartoons (or any Disney cartoons/movies) as a kid. They always seemed so unreal and I didn't know any kids who acted like the kids in those films. I just could not relate. I mean, the plot of every Mickey cartoon was always something like "run away from the bees" or "save the house from a flood", etc... Let's face it. Mickey Mouse is a pussy. If you asked me to detail Mickey's personality or attributes, I wouldn't know what to tell you. Mickey is just too milque toast, too white, too nice for me to identify with, even when I was a kid. (But hey, who really cares who my role models are, I just needed to fill up another column. If I sounded a little pretentious, fuck you.)

Until next issue of the Video Guide (and until the New FILM THREAT hits the newsstand) I'll see you when I see you,

Christian Gore

P.S. Special thanks to that guy in Seattle. Alan, thanks for asking me that question.



Until you have
time to **DO IT...**

SCAN

What's new in the somewhat obscure
world of the video underground? The
realm of print and music?

Here's what we found interesting...

Send all submissions to **Film Threat Video/Scan**
P.O. Box 3170 Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170

DUPES

TWO BONEHEADS

B & W /16mm/27 min
Harrison Films &
Grimm Productions
160 E 3 St. NYC 10009
(212) 673-3335

What begins as a mindless
comedy suddenly turns somewhat
serious in this technically
accomplished yet under-written effort.
The story quickly sets up: two old
friends from the old neighborhood,
only one of whom made it out.
'Desmond,' the beer-swilling nail-
pounder and 'Seth' the effete, Ivy
League, pseudo-Yuppie are different
now—no longer the same two kids

actor/co-writer Evan Brenner's 'Seth,'
whose woodenness appears to be more
attributable to a lack of on-camera
experience than the burden of being a
bi-hyphenate artist.

Director Matthew Harrison
does a good job of pacing, and
keeping the ever-goofy Grimm out of



who played at
the beach
during those
long, hot,
humid, New
York summers.
But their little
differences
soon fade
away in a blur
of 40oz brews,
nagging
women and
the general
filth that is the
Big Apple.
Who'd have
guessed that
they really
hadn't
changed so
much after all
those years?
Apparently,
the filmmakers
hoped we
wouldn't.
While actor/
co-writer
/producer
Christopher
Grimm is
energetic and
winning as
'Desmond,' his
appeal is
diffused by

pure camp, but
fails to connect
the character's
actions with
their needs.
Why do they do
the things they
do? The script
tells them to.
Without any
inner logic or
even a real
sense of

absurdity, the film is stuck at that "in
between" spot of not being good or
bad, just there. The feel-good ending
does little to help.

THE LOST FILMS OF CASSANDRA STARK

(with *Wrecked On Cannibal Island*,
Dead on My Arm and *Go To Hell*)

&

WE ARE NOT TO BLAME

Color/ S-8/ approx 40 min
Cassandra Stark
P.O. BOX 1793
NYC, NY 10009



Cassandra Stark: typical New Yorker?

Years ago, anthropologists
gave movie cameras to Native
American Indians who had no prior
experience with either film or
television. The resulting footage was
probably an interesting comment on
that culture. The films of Cassandra
Stark are telling in the same manner.
Imagine a world of mildewed New
York apartments, hairy armpits and
menstrual blood. A society based on
hair-dye, vintage clothing and
bondage. What if these people had
cameras? Needless to say, the
outcome is *interesting*. Stark's Lost
Films (produced between 1985-86) are
more than mystical excesses in self-
victimization. In opposition to the
egocentric output of some Cinema of
Transgression graduates, her shorts

concern companionship and solidarity as opposed to sexual conquest or superiority. As the pancaked and ruby-lipped star, Cassandra assumes a role of both vamp and innocent—luring her prey or being destroyed. We are Not to Blame (1990) follows this pattern as she and co-star Laura Jessen play a pair of sisters who care for a man they imprison on their roof (as portrayed by filmmaker Richard Kern). Though technically primitive, and more laboriously narrative than her other films, Blame is worth seeing as an artifact from a dying society. Should you buy it? Maybe, maybe not, it's such a subjective thing....

"Hurts, doesn't it?"

"But it feels so fucking good when it stops."

While well-made and inventive, Kern's new short *X is Y* is little more than a rehash of old ideas; *sex and violence are cool, good-looking women playing with guns are cool, and (the ever popular) good-looking women are cool.* The insight is breathtaking. Only buy it for the

classically twisted *Evil Cameraman* and wait for something new (and good) from Kern.

EQUAL TIME

Color / Video / 13 min
Bill Chayes
P.O. Box 114
Inverness, CA 94937
\$20.00

Offered as a "teaching tool" rather than an entertainment piece, Chayes' shot-on-video short is simple yet ingenious as it presents arguments

against conventional filmmaking. Using basic camera and sound gimmicks, Chayes turns things upside down with clever and frequently funny plays on words and images.

SEX VS GUNS



four films by R KERN

experiments, offering good ideas for

their own sake rather than the self-promotion of the filmmaker. Well worth buying.



Busty blondes from space in *The Orbitrons*.

THE ORBITRONS

B/W Approx 60 min
Ghost Limb Films
P.O. Box 3066
Hoboken, NJ 07030

Seemingly influenced in equal parts by *Easy Rider*, *Invaders From Mars* and certain scenes from *A Boy and His Dog*, writer/director Christopher G. Frieri has conjured up quite the genre bender with this B/W Super-8 to video effort. Though it has the basic construction of an ABC movie-of-the-week, *The Orbitrons* has a nasty habit of straying into heavy weirdness with its scenes of cannibalism, gratuitous vomiting, unexpected masturbation, projectile-afterbirth, necro-golden showers and big-breasted aliens. So the acting is really bad (with the exception of Diva Haase as the buxom E.T.), at least it's a uniform badness derived from bad dialogue writing. Oddly, it's difficult to completely dismiss *The Orbitrons* as a complete waste of time. Why? It's hard to say, but like David Lynch's recent genre-blender *Wild At Heart*, the film has an odd sensibility steeped in both self-parody and seriousness—and (surprise) it seems to be intentional. Though technically questionable and often bordering on the self-indulgent, Frieri's offering is better than most. He even (gag) included a little note with the review copy that said "...I'm kind of proud."



Some R. Kern photography.

SEX VS GUNS

FOUR FILMS BY R. KERN
Color/ S-8/ approx 45 min
Deathtrip Films
P.O. Box 1322
NYC 10009

Richard Kern is on the prowl again. Despite the crass/shameless commercialism inherent to this kind of money-raising scheme, there are reasons here to buy this compilation tape. The old stuff, *King of Sex* (1986), *Pierce* and *The Evil Cameraman* (both 1987), are weak as porno, but *interesting* as examples of ritualistic sexual abuse. *Pierce*, in which a thin, tarty blonde submits to nipple ornamentation, sums it all up with two lines:

FUCKING WITH PEOPLE

Color/Video/Approx 60 min

By S.W. Wetzel

&

Seymore Butts

680 Washington Apt 1B

NY, NY 10014

Wetzel, who was responsible for the classic Tarts Deco, and Butts (oh yeah, their real names) cruise the streets of Windy City making fun of people with their trusty vidcam in hand. Targets of choice include joggers, old women, convenience store owners and fat people. While it is funny to watch them torment "assorted Chicagoland suckers," there are some dead spots as the humor grows thin. Worth buying though, if just to watch them stalk their prey with giggling glee. The tape quality isn't great, but it doesn't matter—comedy isn't pretty.

CATHODE FUCK

&

TV SPHINCTER

Colour/Video/120 min each

FILM THREAT VIDEO

PO Box 3170

Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170

(\$24.95 each, \$39.95 for both)

Made several years ago by FILM THREAT chief honcho Chris Gore (during his funnier, more political days), there's a certain nostalgic charm to these tapes due to their almost historic content. Cathode Fuck (an unfortunate title at best) is a collection of clips that reveal the mainstream's confusion over the punk movement during the early 1980's and its rebellion against "programmed" social behavior. Included here are clips of PiL's appearance on American Bandstand, Johnny Rotten's antagonistic interview with Tom Snyder, "punk" themed episodes of "CHiPs" and "Quincy," and some great performances by The Clash. Intermixed are clips of "behavior shaping" commercials and training films that were intended to make us conform to "normal society." While this mixture is good stuff and

GENIUS IN HOLLYWOOD

*A guide to actual films
in production...*



**"TITLE! It's kinda like
this Noir sorta thing...."**

Darkman
After Dark, My Sweet
The Dark Wind
The Dark Backward
The Dark Half
Dark Obsession

**"ADAPTATION! Didn't
you love that old TV show..."**

The Flintstones
The Addams Family
Car 54, Where Are You?
The Fugitive

**"REMAKE! Look, we
can do it all again with..."**

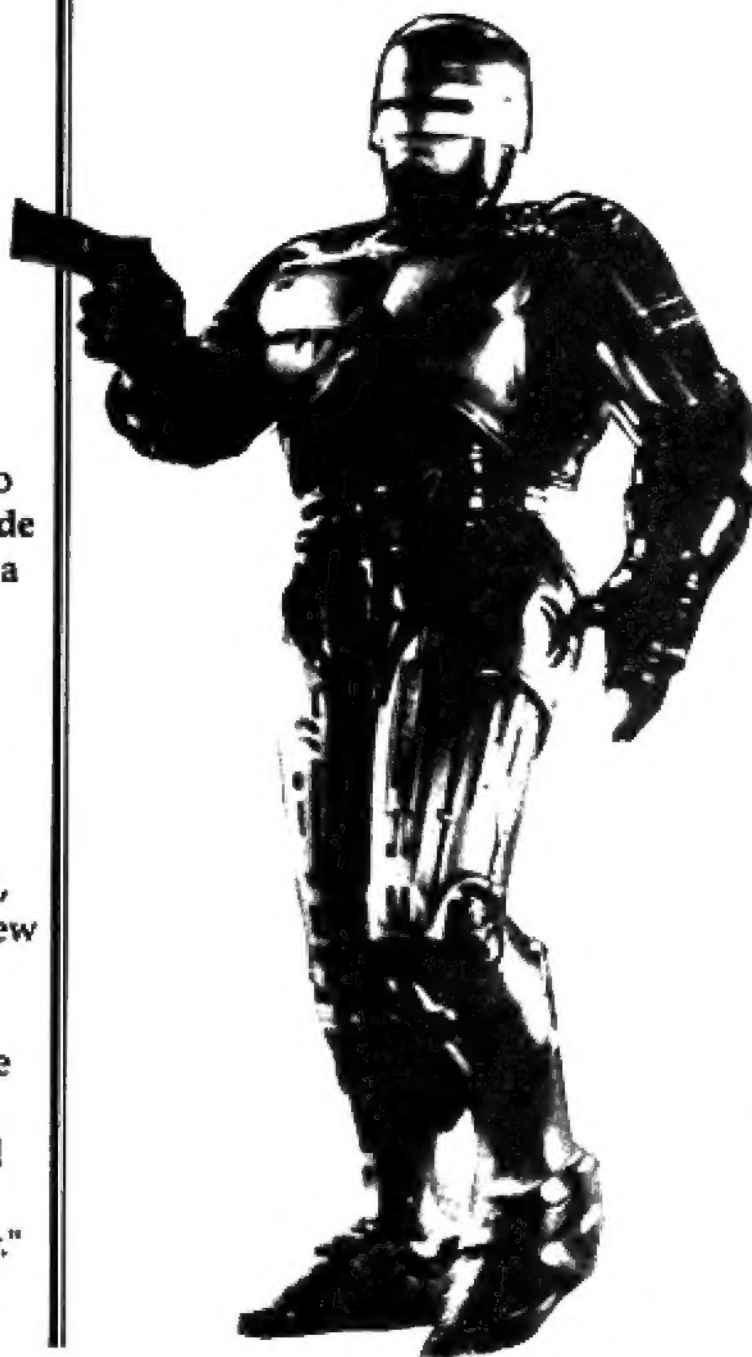
The Adventures of
Robin Hood
Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves
(original: 1938)
Village of the Dammed
(original: 1960)

**"SEQUEL! You're
gonna love this, it's..."**

Scanners III: The Takeover
Alien III
Terminator II: Judgement Day
Bill & Ted's
Excellent Adventure II
Rocky V
RoboCop III

**"KUNG FU PICTURE! Jesus,
this one is the best. It's..."**

Zodiac America 3: Kickboxer
From Hell



provides many laughs, Chris confuses things with some inopportune editing and occasionally irrelevant material. In retrospect, it's interesting to see just how fraudulent

today's underground has become as it lacks the urgency of these early years.

TV Sphincter begins with an ode to Chris' bowels as he literally drops a load on the viewer. With this scatological opening, the tape addresses the differences between men and women and how their societal roles are influenced by the media. A series of Mattel commercials from the early 1960's is very interesting: the boys have guns and war toys while the girls have dolls and household appliances. Also, there's a cool comparison between a woman's pelvic exam and a man's catheterization (ouch!).

While **Cathode Fuck** would be my choice if I had to make one, both these tapes would make fine ice-breakers at any party. Although Chris does deserve credit for pulling these clips together, found-footage/cut-up films can rarely be attributed to the brilliance of the filmmaker, but rather the strength of the material at hand.



INSIDE THE FILMBIZ

Color/video/60min
Robert Bell Films Inc.
938 B Street.
San Rafael, CA 94901
(415) 459-2603

In what amounts to an informal, well-produced, shot-on-video chat with host Bob Bell, **Inside the Filmbiz** is a great primer for anyone interested in making and distributing independent films or videos. While the information is sometimes geared for larger/more

INSIDE THE FILMBIZ

A step-by-step insider's guide to the business side of movie making.

a Super-8 short. Bell presents everything in a linear, step-by-step fashion that's perfect for quick reference, and makes good use of simple graphics to illustrate his points. The only drawback to this tape is Bell's mildly droning voice, a

monotone reminiscent of my college days. Although there are several books on the market on the same topic, this tape is a great tool. Besides, who has time to read?

I'M NOT CRAZY

Color/video/60 min
Segway Productions/
FILM THREAT VIDEO
PO Box 3170
Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170
(\$20.00)

This is probably one of the very worst misuses of time and money that I have ever seen. So incredibly painful is this completely unsuspenseful, unfunny, unimaginative mind-killer that I'm having trouble reviewing it with a straight face—knowing we are in fact advertising for it in the back pages. Although James A. Stanger, the person responsible for this mess, is not without talent, he does overstep the narrow limits of his capabilities with this tale of a (Vietnam?) vet gone nuts.

GENIUS

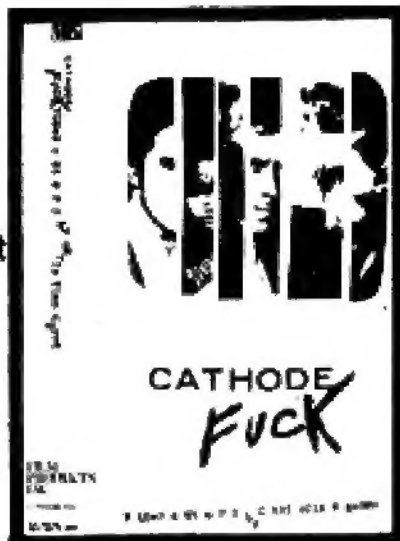


Bela Lugosi in the original *Dracula* (1931)

PART II

Jump on the bandwagon!!

Do you think it takes an original idea to get a film made by a big studio? No way! There are 8 vampire flicks in the works across this town, including Geffen Films' "Interview With a Vampire," Paramount's "Nightland," Silver Pictures' "Red Sleep," Rich Productions' "Innocent Blood," and Lawrence Productions' "Blue Blood." Which will actually get made? Stay tuned, next bat-issue...



Almost too stereotypical and illogical for words, *I'm Not Crazy* is an affront to anyone and everyone. If you don't believe me, keep this in mind—we've only sold one copy. Don't become the second.

BACKSTREET JANE

B&W/16mm/93min
Scorched Earth Productions
2201 South Clayton
Denver, Colorado 80210
(303) 778-6264

Made by writer/producer/director Ronnie Cramer for a measly \$15,000, this film is a good example of what can be accomplished even within a miniscule budget. By writing a story he knew he could shoot and keeping the overall film fairly tight and narratively economical, Cramer bypassed most of the problems that independent filmmakers run into by trying to do something beyond their experience or ability. Following two petty criminals (exceptionally well played by Marlene Shapiro and Monica McFarland) through the twists and turns of an extortion attempt turned drug heist, *Backstreet Jane* is a pretty good thriller that eschews the romance and dramatics of a film like *Drugstore Cowboy*. Instead, the flavor is a more realistic(yet sometimes tedious); a grittiness that lends well to the characters' desperation and willingness to backstab each other. A lack of budget obviously played into this stark simplicity, but a lot of credit goes to Cramer for making the most of what he had. Although *Backstreet Jane* is really a feature only by sheer length, as it suffers from heavy padding and many pointless shots/scenes that serve only to slow an already deliberate pace, it manages to be consistent and engrossing throughout. The role-reversal angle headed by 'Jane' (Shapiro) and 'Diane'



Backstreet Jane: (L to R) Marlene Shapiro and Monica McFarland

(McFarland) is well thought out and capably supported by Sheila Ivy Traister's performance as the murderous 'Nicole,' the drug dealer whose bi-sexuality and fierce needs for both tenderness and revenge add good dimensions to what could have been a one-note character. The technical work is pretty good, though the dialogue was sometimes difficult to understand on the copy I reviewed. The camerawork is competent and occasionally excellent, but Cramer's choice of shots was sometimes both confusing and annoying to watch in the home video format. (HINT: don't use long shots for key dialogue scenes) The music, composed/produced by Cramer and his band the Alarming Trends, is effective and unobtrusive, though a bit monotonous. Despite its shortcomings, *Backstreet Jane*'s fine acting and straightforward malevolence make it a good addition to any film *noir* library. Hopefully, Ronnie Cramer's feature debut will lead to future projects.

OUCH!

Color/Super-8/25 min
FILM THREAT VIDEO
PO Box 3170
Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170
(\$9.95—CHEAP!)

Who knows what must have happened to writer/director Chris Gore during his childhood. Even the most casual Freudian would have a field day with this film, though it completely bypasses the director's well documented anal fixation and focuses

directly on his obsession with masochistic violence. Billed as 'his first watchable film,' *Ouch!* is probably Chris' most accomplished cinematic work to date (that is, it actually got finished).

The story of a 30-year old comic book nerd who willingly submits himself to medical experiments (played by longtime FILM THREAT cover artist Glenn Barr in his screen debut), *Ouch!*



OUCH! star: Glenn Barr

is filled with 'banana-peel' humor—as our protagonist 'Scott' (who has been rendered 'painless' by an experimental drug) is pummeled, beaten, dragged and broken through a series of misadventures. Although funny at first, as displayed by the scene in which 'Scott' impresses a girl by repeatedly diving headfirst off his house, the devastating abuse director

Gore heaps on this character soon becomes too much. While cartoonish and innocent of any real malevolence or maliciousness, *Ouch!* is beyond the Roadrunner/Wiley Coyote level of personal injury. 'Scott' IS beaten. He DOES lose several fingers and most of his teeth. Blood flows freely from his MANY gaping wounds....But hey, this is a comedy, right?! Everything comes out okay at the end! 'Scott' gets five bucks as a "get well" gift from his uncle! He even gets the girl! Well, as ironic as this may seem after 22 minutes of rather realistic ultraviolence, the upbeat ending makes little difference if you consider the thoughtlessness that preceded it. Technically, *Ouch!* is superior with good (albeit looped and sometimes out of sync) dialogue and effects, rich comic book hues and good cinematography—all showing that Chris is an accomplished filmmaker who has a distinct style for comic action, characterization, and good control over actors. As real entertainment, *Ouch!* appeals to the cruelty in all of us but succeeds best if the viewer is the kind of person who gets off on Freddy Krueger one-liners. However, at the low price of \$9.95, this tape is a good way to get yer ya ya's out.



16mm/Colour/16min
Blessed Elysium Productions
100 Sullivan St. # 2A
NY, NY 10012
(\$20 or more, depending on your
willingness to contribute)

This film is a rich and exceptionally well-made rock-opera (yes, opera!) concerning the fateful love between a mortal woman,



OUCH! crew: Rich Feren, Jeff Herman, Roger White, Chris Gore, Glenn Barr, Tom Gully and Scott Mitchell.

'Ilsobeah' (Laura Wise), and 'Seraph' (Terrence Flemming), a member of the Underworld. Discovered, the lovers are captured by 'Queen Zapkiela' (writer/producer/director Houle) and her minions for punishment—a sentence of death. Needless to say, the couple escapes the demons to join one another in another world. Sound like a lot to happen in 16 minutes? Well, it is. But by playing the archetypes (and even the dullest of viewers knows "Romeo and Juliet" or at least *West Side Story*), Houle is able to compress the plot, pour on the spooky atmosphere and inject dramatic interludes that make *Sweet Flesh* behave more like a feature than a short. Visually and textually extravagant with deep reds and soft pale blues, the film is shot with a simplicity that discards the quick-cutting, "music video" look in favor of the dramatic frame or pose. The final shots of the lovers' dying embrace is gorgeous—the moonlight catching them as they clutch beneath the trees—as is the scene in the Underworld chamber, which is positively lush with a real scale that expands the film's mythical content. Houle, who also wrote the film's music and lyrics and sings both the 'Ilsobeah' and "Zapkiela" roles, is obviously one of the more talented filmmakers we've run across in some time and deserves attention. While \$20 may seem to be a high price for a 16 minute film, I would pay three times more for something half as satisfying.

ARISE:

THE SUBGENIUS VIDEO

Colour/Video/80min
The SubGenius Foundation, Inc. P.O.
Box 140306 Dallas TX 75214
(214) 823-8534
\$39.95 VHS



Bursting from the screen in ways too perverse for words, *Arise* is an astounding monument to the Gospel of Slack: a 5-year-in-the-making hodgepodge of 50's movies, psychedelic video effects, and an innate hipness that borders on the eerie. Perfect for illiterates, *Arise* presents conspiracy theories that

never seemed so real or funny before I watched this tape— now I'm firmly convinced that the Church of the SubGenius is much more than just a bunch of idiots who worship a disembodied, pipe-chomping head. The narration by radio star Hal Robins is at once hilarious and oddly compelling as it recalls both Bob Dobbs' "erotic life" and "gory death" with a flowing verse that was clearly intended to simultaneously hypnotize and subdue the viewer while explaining the SubGenius manifesto. Expounding the virtues of violent capitalism and free love, *Arise* is brought to life by an audio/visual attack unparalleled in recent years; making it not only an essential purchase, but a proven substitute for sex and hard drugs. The promotional package that came with the tape warns: "You'll spontaneously pyroflutuate!!!!" I did, and it changed my life. Buy it.

RAMPAGING WOMEN: It's Only A Movie II

Color/Video/30 min
FILM THREAT VIDEO
P.O. Box 3170

Los Angeles CA 90078-3170
(\$29.95)

I would feel like a shameless pig if I actually recommended this. Short on content, style, or even a semblance of technical competency, this production of the Psychotronic Film Society is a real disappointment. How difficult would it be to do something interesting with anti-magicians Penn and Teller (the tape's token males)? Why are people still enraptured by the cheezy tumblings of Betty Page? Are the activities of the legendary Plastercasters really that cool? Is focusing the camera too much to ask? Did I miss the joke here? Alright, maybe I'm being a little hard on Mr. Flores and his band of Windy City renegades, but for \$29.95 I would expect something better than this lump of unimaginative goo. One high point is Penn's gross-out "bean trick." Almost worth it, but not quite.

Tapeheads is really layered with jokes.

That's what we tried to do. To try to make a film that would stand up to repeated viewings. One thing that I find distressing, film nowadays are totally "in your face," and if you don't get the joke, they usually come back and hit you over the head with it a second time. Mel Brooks will do that. Actually, in the original cut, the movie was three hours long.

Is there a three hour version that anyone could see?

Actually it was close to three and a half. One of the actors asked me for it, but we couldn't find it. The idea with the editing was to make it very tight and very fast and have people come back a second time for things they missed.

Tell us what we missed.

There was a whole subplot about the credit union, You missed (Herve Villachez) as 'Lucky Larry.' Lucky Larry's is where 'Josh' (Tim Robbins) and 'Ivan' (John Cusack) got their video equipment on credit. Basically, they had a sign that said "If you can read this you have credit." But they were constantly being held up by these collection guys from Larry's who all look the same. This is Overton Lloyd by the way. Overton was the inspiration for the Rosco's video.

Rosco's Chicken and Waffles is a real place isn't it?

Yeah, it is. There are two locations in Hollywood.

I like the fact that that last song is talking right to the audience. Like, "come back, pay another six bucks, we'll see ya soon."

Yeah, shameless. It's very self reflexive. In case anybody took the movie too seriously, that was to say, we're poking fun at a lot of people, and at ourselves.



MINI INTERVIEW

Director Bill Fishman talks about his film *Tapeheads*. He's currently in post-production on the feature version of *Car 54, Where Are You?*, starring Al Lewis, Nipsey Russel and David Johansen.

By Christian Gore

Why don't you think it did good box-office when it first came out?

It's funny, it got some superb reviews, "one of the best of the year", and stuff like that. Then others, people totally hated it. I think that's the kind of film it is, if you're not open to the film experience as something more than just sitting there and being served up the same old stew, then you're going to hate it. It challenges you on a lot of levels. We had a lot of problems. We lost our distributor, who went out of business. So when it finally got released, I think the company just didn't have enough interest in it to market it the right way. If you don't understand something, you can't sell it.

*What is *Tapeheads* then?*

What I always call it is a socio-comic, mystery, adventure, love, martial arts, science-fiction, spoof, adventure film. And marketing people go "Oh fuck!"

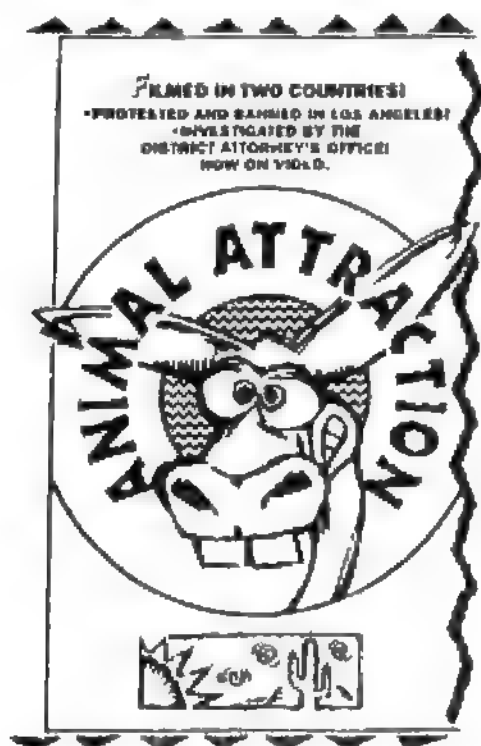
One of the best lines in the film is "The video needs production value.s...tits." How did you get Mary Crosby to dress up in such an alluring outfit?

She picked it out. My idea was nothing, Mary looks great in anything, or without anything.

OZONE ATTACK OF THE REDNECK MUTANTS

Color/S-8 /90min
FILM THREAT VIDEO
P.O. Box 3170
Los Angeles CA 90078-3170
(\$29.95)

Director Matt Devlen provides some B-movie camp thrills with this Super-8 feature film. Anyone that knows Matt, knows that he is one of those vegetarian, militant environmentalists-types. Though I admire what these people do, we all know how annoying they can be. The film is not annoying though, the major plot twist involves rednecks turning into green-slime-puking zombies because of a hole in the ozone. Matt's mom has a hilarious cameo in the film. She pops her head from the front door of her trailer and interrupts to tell us to turn off this disgusting movie. Just ignore her and keep the vcr on play. It's fun, clever, camp, cheap and shows what you can do with a Super-8 camera, determination and some environmental concerns.



ANIMAL ATTRACTION
Color/16mm/Sync sound/17min
FILM THREAT VIDEO
PO Box 3170
Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170
(\$20.00)

Originally a UCLA graduate thesis, *Animal Attraction* may be the most talked-about student film ever.



Karen Alvarado gives her all in *Animal Attraction*.

It was banned by the university, covered by CBS news, and protested by hordes of screaming women (as documented by FT's own Todd Longwell back in issue #22). Director George Cunningham's *Animal Attraction* is a satirical re-creation of the infamous woman and *donkey* sex show in Mexico, and it's more fun than anything Geraldo has ever done. Thrillseekers won't be disappointed by one choice scene which branded the flick border-line obscene by the L.A. District Attorney. But there's more. Shot by shot, it's actually a carefully constructed pseudo-documentary in the best Spinal Tap tradition. 'Frank Mamber,' the ultimate white-man pop journalist (perfectly played by Jerry Cerwonka), embarks on a newsquest to find Mexicans who turn bestiality into "little theatre." Along the way, the film lampoons racial attitudes about sex, national origin, news, TV, and even the audience watching the film. My favorite scene is when 'Frank' introduces the 'Donkey Woman's' ghetto home as if it were a four-star hotel in Acapulco. Then we go inside to find a crowded tenement decked out in American kitsch, Elvis statues and a live rooster. The 'Donkey Woman's' mom says she can't believe her daughter got the job, declaring, "The competition must be enormous!" Excellent production values, editing,

and a professional mix. I recommend *Animal Attraction* for college seminars *and* frat parties.

[Editor's Note- The author of the above review has yet to be identified. But rest assured, it was a member of the FTVG staff.]

SUCKDOG

J. Pieuch
PO Box 11235
Winslow, WA 98110
(\$25.00)

Just the thought of performance art conjures up visions of whiney artists complaining that their grant was cut off and that they might not be able to get money to stick yams up their asses. But this tape is actually worth seeing. Lisa Suckdog is the star of this tape and if you can (yawn) get past the opening few performances and get to the section of the tape with her drunken ranting, it will be worth the wait. Lisa prances around her room, nude and in lingerie as the cameraman tortures her verbally. Lisa may have unintentionally made a "Say No To Drugs" tape because when you see how idiotic these people act, you may never want to drink again. In an especially good part Lisa hits her friend Ellen. "Do you mind if I hit you really hard?" Ellen answers yes

SOME SHIT

Super-8/Colour/40 min.

We Got Power Films

3017 Santa Monica Blvd. #314

Santa Monica, CA 90404

(\$10.00)

A collection of Super-8 films by director David Markey, this compilation crosses the line into the surreal as it lampoons the Los Angeles rock scene with the band Redd Kross in the short film "Macaroni and Me," stages a bloody turf battle between Zeppelin-worshipping pot-heads and Satanic metal-heads, and chronicles the masturbatory activities of transient clowns. Really, it does. Without pretension or any real trace of deeper meanings, this is 40 minutes of great stuff that actually made me laugh out loud. Shot on location on the Sunset Strip, on the edge of the La Brea tar pits, and in the depths of Century City, this collection is only ten bucks away from your ultimate viewing pleasure. (OK, it's not that great, but I was entertained by Miss Horowitz's daring nude scenes....)



Wendy Horowitz at last year's FT party.

ALARMING TRENDS

B&W/16mm/30min

Scorched Earth Productions

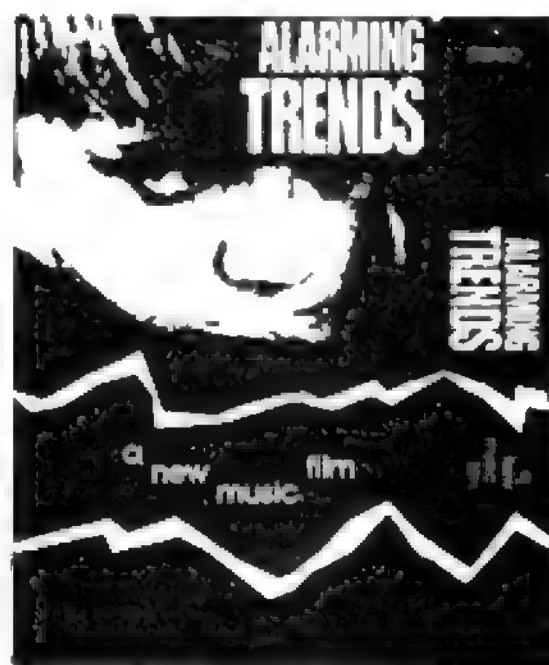
2201 South Clayton

Denver, Colorado 80210

(303) 778-6264

An earlier, funnier effort by director Ronnie Cramer (Backstreet Jane), this tape is billed as a "music film" as opposed to a collection of music videos. Not your typical MTV ilk, Alarming Trends is about music,

but sans the rock star posturing that goes with the genre. Instead, we're introduced to a surreal world where "giant man-eating trout fill the sky,"



"seltzer tablets and interdimensional travel begin each day" and "aliens take the form of sandwiches and destroy unsuspecting young people..." Sound far out? Well, in a way, it really is!! Despite the candy-coated power pop of Cramer's band Alarming Trends (get it?), this tape offers some well-produced fun. No brooding black-leather boys with hair extensions here. Nope, just some goofy good times and zany sight gags.

KILLER

Color/Super-8 /81min

Electro Video/

FILM THREAT VIDEO

P.O. Box 3170

Los Angeles CA 90078-3170

(\$29.95)

With an almost-anything-can-happen attitude and lack of budget, producer/director Tony Elwood has managed to squeeze a slick feature out of a hoary script and an often shunned film gauge. While no Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer, this Super-8 effort is vastly superior to the numerous teen-kill flicks of past years. Despite a cliché-ridden story that meanders about with little direction and no "higher level" to enjoy (or ignore), Killer

does manage to supply some genuine tension and suspense. Both charming and unnerving is Duke Emsberger as the lead blood-letter. With his Oakie drawl and .38, he manages to do justice to some good lines and a character that could have come off as, well, dumb. Instead, he gives a spirited turn as a sociopath on the road...just cruising through life and pausing to (that's right) kill some nubile teens, used car dealers and auto mechanics; the dregs of the Earth. Though childish in its attempted use of splatter effects, which are limply executed at best, Killer does manage to capture a feeling for cold, close range violence. Most notable is the scene in which a particularly attractive jogger is dispatched: holding her almost gently, the killer passionately presses his lips to hers in a dying kiss, blood welling from her mouth...GAK! Unfortunately, nice touches such as this are broken up by a dreadful stretches of quasi-dramatic nonsense concerning a couple of bonehead college-types and the eventual need to rescue a damsel in distress. Too bad. Stylish and well shot (for what they were working with), Killer manages to go just a wee bit beyond the norm.



and the painful smack is very entertaining. Highly recommended for those who like the kind of violence that can be seen on the news or cannot be seen on America's Funniest Home Videos.

RED & ROSY

B & W/16mm/Sync sound/20min
FILM THREAT VIDEO
PO Box 3170
Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170
(\$15.00)

Frank Grow is a filmmaker to watch (see interview on p.24) his manic film *Red & Rosy* delivers a punch so hard you'll want to rewind it immediately and show it to all your friends. Shot in a washed out, documentary-style black and white, the story concerns drag racing king Big "Red" Friedman who suffers a horrible accident. As a result of a grisly operation he becomes addicted to adrenalin. This addiction leads Red to the local tattoo parlor for some young victims who are killed and drained of their adrenalin. Other twisted killings are committed as Red uses adrenalin to power his drag racing simulator. The demented, drug-induced dream sequences are some of the most surreal and disturbing imagery since *Eraserhead*. When Red falls in love with Rosy, they both descend into the throes of drug abuse. The shock ending (sorry, you'll have to buy the tape) is the culmination of years of drag racing, drug abuse and rock and roll. Filmmaker Grow's connections with SRL become apparent with the visually stunning creatures that appear at the end of the film. They are now part of an art show touring France where Grow hopes to raise money for future film projects. One of the best short films in years and keep an eye out (literally) for feature films from this new and outstanding talent.



Choices: The playful fun or the slick shallowness?

SKIMMING

ORBIT

919 S. Main Suite #2001
Royal Oak, MI 48067
(313) 541-3900
Editor-Jerry Peterson

Within the pages of this trial issue (Vol 0, Issue 1), it seems that yet another hip new 'zine has been born in Detroit. Maybe. Bursting with everything cool, from great graphics and icons to better than average writing, Orbit is a lot of fun (and a lot like Fun, the great free humor rag that's graced the Murder City for some years). The layout is clean, uncluttered by the din that usually accompanies V-Voice or LA Weekly-type newsprint mags, but Orbit fails the big test—there's really nothing in here! Without a real editorial slant or analysis that goes beyond snippits on "Twin Peaks" bit-players and the ever-growing popularity of "pig racing" at the State Fair...well, the reader is left with a social calender and recommendation on where to get good Thai food in the Detroit area. Fluff is great, but reading an issue of Orbit from cover to cover is like a feast at Micky D's—filling, but not. Think of it as the Rust Belt's answer to Spy, though even more provincial. With time Orbit



could either become something more meaty ...or not. Great original cover by that Glenn Barr guy, what a real find he is.

BUZZ

Buzz Inc.
15000 Mullholland Dr.
Los Angeles CA 90077
(213) 472-8484

There are good reasons why people outside of New York bother to buy and read Spy. Thusly, there are good reasons why many periodicals try to imitate (but never duplicate) their sucessful blend of humor, intellect, etc. While Orbit was perhaps inspired by that magazine's sense of playfulness, it seems that Buzz is looking for its revenues. Nobody should be reading, imitating (let alone buying) Buzz. A lifeless, voiceless drone of the irrelevant and obsolete, this mag will die a lonely death coupled with heavy financial losses. The editorial of the premiere issue states "We're just a magazine: a collection of voices and images that we hope will capture and maybe illuminate something of what makes Los Angeles seem so remarkable." Remarkable? Remarkably dull. LA is a vibrant, action-packed city that deserves better. Don't bother.

RELEASE PRINT

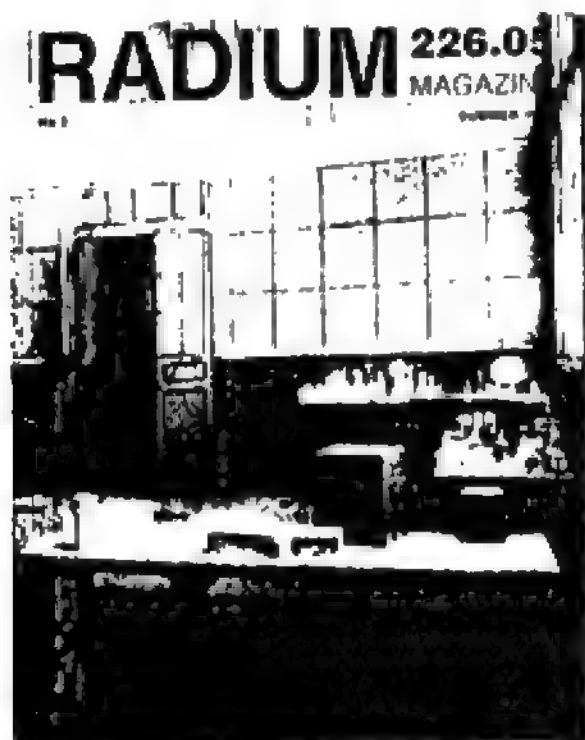
Film Arts Foundation

346 Ninth St. 2nd Fl.

San Francisco, Ca 94103

(415) 552-8760

The monthly newsletter of the Film Arts Foundation, Release Print is available only to members of Film Arts, an organization of independent film and videomakers. Membership is \$35 a year.) If you live within 100 miles of San Francisco and have an interest in filmmaking, send your check today. Holding low-cost workshops on things like sound recording, editing, and optical printing (just to name a few), FAF is a great place to learn filmmaking's technical side without the "ho-hum" or cost of the university film school. Release Print, the official voice of FAF, reports on festivals (entry dates, etc) from around the world, has a complete classified section that gets you in touch with the wants and needs of other filmmakers. Where does it all end? It doesn't. Join up, it's cheap. I know because I'm a member.



Radium 226.05 Magazine #2

Living Color Productions

12 Pleasantview Ln.

Circle Pines, MN. 55014

Attn. - Pat Hollis

Contributors: R. Kern, William S. Burroughs, Jack Stevenson, Joe Coleman, and many others.)

Dedicated to Brion Gysin, this collection of short writings,

photographs, and artwork is hugely entertaining as it spans a range of styles and tastes- from Lydia Lunch's paranoid feminism to Tom of Finland's pre-AIDS homoerotic art. The short stories are fun, offering a departure from the standard gloom of Kern's photography and Lung Leg's verse. Perfectbound and filled with many color/BW reproductions on good paper, Radium is exceptional even among the classier book-'zines that have popped up over the past few years as it manages to border the fine line between "art" and pretension. Although it loses points by publishing material seen in other mags or presented in other mediums (like John Giorno's "Sucking Mud"), Radium is a fine purchase for both the uninitiated and the veteran.

New Blood

540 W. Foothill Blvd., Suite 3730

Glendora, CA 91741

Editor-Chris B. Lacher

(\$4.00 per ish - subscriptions available)

As this good-looking rag claimed to contain "graphic horror and other depravities," I was looking forward to this assignment with some degree of *interest*, but my expectations were soon forgotten, cast off as wishful thinking. Although NB has one of the best Ellison clones I've read in some time with Paul T. Riddell (and that's not a compliment), it really comes up short where it counts; pandering to the lowest 13-year-old denominator by wasting an entire inside color spread on the no-talent likes of grade-Z, never-will-be/was-been Linnea Quigley. Tarty blondes with chainsaws, oh cool! A painfully positive review of Clive Barker's *Nightbreed* reveals this publication to be the product of individuals too old to enjoy *Starlog* and *Fangoria*, but too young to realize the brilliance of original thought and mature insight. Give 'em a couple years and they might come around, but horror nerds die hard.



We Are The Weird

P.O. Box 2002

Dallas TX 75221

FAX (214) 386-2310

Editor-Joe Bob Briggs

Did you ever wonder what happened to that Commie-hating, drive-in loving dork that incessantly found his way into your local paper with his one-note act? That cheap joke corn-ball who did little but raise the ire of a couple high-strung weenies and ride a wave of free publicity for several years afterwards? Joe Bob Briggs, the doltish alter ego of that broken down critic, oh, what was his name? That boob who fills up about 8 pages in every issue of *It's Only A Movie* with his tree-killing mind-droppings? No? Well, neither did I until I was handed a copy of *We Are The Weird*. As a one-shot piece of shameless self-promotion, WATW is alright. But as something that's published on a weekly basis for a subscription rate of \$75 a year? Forget it. Why should your hard earned bucks be wasted on a press release that should be given away free?

Film World

Midnight Press

2721 Cortez Ct.

Antioch, CA. 94509

Editor - Anthony C. Ferrante

\$.75 (subscriptions available)

Growing up in the San Francisco Bay Area, I was unfortunate enough to read a newspaper called the Contra Costa Times: small paper that gave headlines to such non-news as the sighting of unusual cloud formations. What does this have to do with a mag called Film World?

Anthony C. Ferrante not only puts out this rag, but writes movie reviews/news for the Times. Thusly, what we have a very competent writer who has access to the stars and filmmakers (by way of his legit press credentials), tons of great photos (again, I suspect by way of the C.C. Times), and some means of putting it all together in a good-looking, 12 page 'zine format. Sounds great huh? Well, maybe. With all the edge of a small town reporter, Anthony C. Ferrante tackles his stories with lots ambition but a cream puff attitude. The point is, do we need yet another "press release" mag that does little but celebrate everything? To all you ecology-minded folks out there - blame people like Anthony C. Ferrante for the needless destruction of trees. Anthony, if you're out there, please don't write your own "reader mail." I know National Lampoon does it, but they aren't funny either.

Psycho Video Magazine

P.O. Box 7773 Federal Way, WA
98003 USA

Editor - Gary Lesley

With the let's-shock-mom frankness of a 9th grader, Lesley offers reviews, recommendation, and warnings on today's flood of horror/gore videos. Psycho Video surpasses most review-'zines due to better writing and a breadth of interest that allows equal space for films like *Three On A Meathook*,

Heathers, and *Talk Radio*. Using a simple A, B, C grading system, Lesley is able to actually recommend a film without sounding like a publicist's best friend. More importantly, PV condemns garbage vids in a special section called NOT RECOMMENDED, citing real reasons why you shouldn't waste your time with particular films. Unfortunately, Gary has a hard time reviewing a film without either dwelling on the availability of the female castmember's breasts or telling the whole plot, so be cautious if you like to be surprised.

The Village Noize

48-54 213 St.

Bayside, NY 11364

(\$1.50 Back issues - \$2.00)

As issue #8 was sent with a note that said "Please, do hate us," I desperately looked for something to be mean about. Unfortunately, The Village Noize offered little to seriously ridicule. Packed with capsule reviews on records, videos, and tapes, this music mag has plenty to say as it takes a taste of everything under the sun: punk, funk, rock, and rap. Cartoonist Peter Bagge, Killing Joke, and Faith No More are featured. Surprisingly, Village Noize avoids the problem of provincialism that pervades the preponderance of pop publications from the Big Apple area.

TUNES

Short Dog's in the House

Too Short

Jive/RCA

Oakland rapper Too Short is the current target of East Coast city officials trying to make a name for themselves as he emerges from the Bay Area hip hop scene already famous for such crossover successes as M.C. Hammer and The Digital Underground. Recently charged with obscenity, Too Short said "I'd go onstage in Cincinnati and curse again. I'd just pay the fine

and keep going about my business." As long as it keeps selling we suppose.

His latest, "Short Dog's in the House," a schizophrenic disc that offers both the "clean" and the questioned. Side one, featuring a soulful rapadelicized version of the late Donny Hathaway's early '70's classic "The Ghetto" (the album's first single), showcases Too Short's rapping about his personal history as well as offering some tough social commentary about his adopted hometown:

Even though my sister smoked crack cocaine,
she was nine months pregnant,
ain't nothing changed.
120 million on a football team,
and her baby died like a dope fiend.



Side two put Too Short on the top of the PMRC hit list with cuts like "Pimpology" and "Paula and Janet," which he claims is "not necessarily" about female superstars with last names like ABDUL or JACKSON. Also featured is a duet with the notorious former N.W.A. member Ice Cube, titled "Ain't Nothing But A Word To Me." Unfortunately, the misogyny that blemishes so much of rap music is a big part of Too Short's game plan here, wasting time with lyrics that read like a list of rape tactics. While it may take courage to use one's First Amendment rights, respect for the deed has to come from the message being told.



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David Lynch. Spike Lee. Tim Burton. You know the names. You know their films, but how did they become so bad? If they weren't so damn talented.... we wouldn't care.

Time magazine's cover story on David Lynch suggests that he's experiencing a critical backlash because of his status as



THE NERD GENIUS

the new sacred cow on the block after the release of *Blue Velvet*. But could it simply be that *Wild at Heart* is an awfully dumb movie? All Lynchian form and no content?

The most alarming thing about *Blue Velvet* was the way arthouse freaks embraced the oddball trappings. That's enough reason to hate the man who ruined *Dune*, but let's look at the film. Who could resist a seamless deconstruction of an idealized neighborhood? Or Dennis Hopper's breathtaking nastiness, so authentically ugly it denies arthouse labeling. Sure, he poked fun at the Laura Dern character when the organ music played over her juvenile speech about the robins coming, but she was, after all, a good-girl archetype vs. Dorothy's whore side of the coin. David had enough respect for

character not to mock Jeffery or Frank. These characters were the anchors in a world of unsure caricatures. Frank was truly scary. Jeffery was navigating a meaningful mystery. Not a phoney Laura Palmer who-done-it as in *Twin Peaks*.

After the media attention surrounding the Peaks premiere, Lynch must have thought he was given carte blanche, but the second season ratings have plummeted. The 2 hour Fall opener not only failed to pay off the J.R.-ish murder gimmick, but was steeped in so many Brechtian "V" effects that Berthold would have creamed his jeans. The show has become the punchline for lame Saturday Night Live jokes, with Lynch's own cameo as the FBI chief just supplying more fodder for the cannons.

Similarly, *Wild at Heart* proves Lynch to be his own worst enemy. Encouraged by his Oscar nomination for *Velvet*, Lynch returns with a new film so pretentious that it wins a major award in *France*. Even at the end: Sailor, with a ridiculously swollen nose, gives a silly

speech to the gang who just beat him up, and speeds back to the arms of Lula, his little "Peanut." Lynch is, of



CAGE AND DERN: STRIKE THE POSE

course, mocking the happy ending. He sees the movie as "fifty different films running at once." Unfortunately, only a European could understand the meaning behind this scattershot parody. As one critic realized, "you

know a film is in trouble when the only normal person is Harry Dean Stanton." It's been said that it takes two years to recover from a *Time* cover story. Synchronize watches... now.



SHELTON

Shelton? His name is Shelton Jackson Lee?

To his credit, Spike Lee's films have done a lot to display the real injustice, frustrations and anger festering in American society and identify the results of said detriments. However, those merits don't excuse or

By George Cunningham, Chris Gore and Dave Williams

camouflage the serious flaws that scar his body of work. While some regard Lee to be the *Second Coming*, it's sad to see how far he will stoop with his inflammatory statements, stereotypical representations of other races, and distinctly misogynist treatment of women....OOOPS!! Did I say that? God knows I don't want to be accused of not LOVING each dull frame of *She's Gotta Have It* or every single moment of that gutless dog, *'Mo Better Blues*. Nope, not me.... But if a bunch of sexually-insecure types like The 2 Live Crew can hide behind the First Amendment, why can't I?

In the Oct. 27 issue of that institution of American journalism known as *TV Guide*, James Earl Jones commented on a planned film about Malcolm X:

"The talk had been that there might be a white director, and that infuriated some people, like Spike Lee. Spike said that the director ought to be black, which was Spike's way of saying it should be Spike. When an important project comes along and a "Spike Lee" suggests he must be involved, I think that's destructive."

Is Jones an Uncle Tom? I think not. Using the words of the well-respected actor, I too, am tired of "so-called activists who let race get in the way of so much." Unfortunately, by addressing everything as a racial issue, as opposed to a more specific social, educational or economic issue, Lee unflinchingly points his finger to a white conspiracy as the paramount reason for black society's problems.

She's Gotta Have It is a student film gone amok with its not-that-revolutionary role reversal bits and stilted storytelling. *School Daze* lives up to its title with confusingly scattered dance numbers that go nowhere and stunningly subservient female characters. *Do The Right Thing* is an incendiary study of incalculable wrongs making a wrong as stereotypes do battle in a world without reason, thought, or consideration. Finally, *'Mo Better Blues* is a lackluster response to Clint Eastwood's *Bird*; as Lee bypasses

music and passionate performance to focus on a rather bland hornblower. Right now, Lee is working on *Jungle Fever*, his third project to be sponsored by that institution of evil, Universal Studios. A story of interracial love, this Denzel Washington starrer will probably demonstrate the differences between black ... Oh, you already guessed?

The question may not be "if" Tim Burton sucks. It might be better phrased: was he ever any good? *Batman* made over 200 million dollars at the boxoffice but after five decades of Bat-history, six months of Bat-hype, and an over-the-top performance by

The one thing that characters do in films in order to make them interesting is CHANGE. The Joker changes. He turns from a mobster/crook into a clown-faced supervillain. We see his pain as his life goes through massive developments. We can even understand his motivations. We never see Batman change or grow or anything. Even after he avenges the death of his parents, we don't see his reaction. We were sold out in favor of a kinder, gentler, much less realized Batman. Too bad.

This isn't to say that Burton's a complete no-talent loser. Anyone who's seen his EXCELLENT short

How many articles did you read last spring that "reconsidered" Batman (and usually not for the better)?

Jack Nicholson, what could have failed? Every comic nerd, movie geek and wanna-be-cool Bat-type was sucked dry for \$6.50 a shot by what really amounts to a perfectly redesigned Bat-logo and and a great Bat-score by Danny Elfman. How many articles did you read last spring that "reconsidered" Batman (and usually not for the better)?

Tim Burton's movies look good and that's the key word—LOOK. His background in animation definitely helps in this category but again, looking good isn't everything. *Batman* was boring. It was paced like a Godard art film without the laughs. Think of the potential of a character like Batman—a depressed, neurotic, obsessed, lonely, pathetic, angry guy. It's obvious that Burton wasn't interested at all, as his token responses to these emotional states were various shots of Keaton knitting his brows or puckering his lips. I felt more of a loss when the Joker was killed than when Bruce Wayne's parents were offed.



TIM

Vincent or his Disney (Ack!) telefilm *Frankenweenie* knows that he not only has a sense of humor, but a distinctly cinematic visual style. Where would Pee Wee Herman be if it wasn't for his *Big Adventure*? Probably hosting a...kid's show or... something.

Burton may make a better interior decorator than he does a director. Look at *Beetlejuice*. Is that not the tale of bad interior design prompting a response from supernatural forces? Am I wrong? Currently slated to direct *Beetlejuice II*, Burton will supposedly helm the *Batman* sequel. That would be a mistake.

Sam Raimi would make a better choice. At least he understands film language and how the construction of shots tell a story. Making it LOOK good isn't always enough. Maybe we'll see differently after *Edward Scissorhands*.

Remember, if they weren't so talented, we wouldn't care. *

DIRECTOR

"Nickname"

**CURRENT
OCCU-
PATION**

**JOB HE
SHOULD
BE DOING**

**BIG
BREAK**

**REAL
BIG
BREAK**

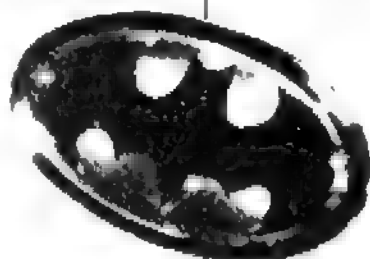
**USES DIRECTOR
STATUS TO
HAVE SEX
WITH...**



**TIM
BURTON**

"Droopy"

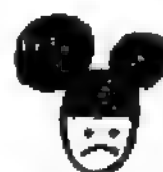
Director



Interior
Decorator

VINCENT

Being fired
by Disney



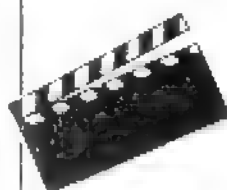
His wife



SPIKE LEE

"Spike X"

Writer,
producer,
director



Bitter film
instructor
at New
York
University
(his alma
mater)

**SHE'S
GOTTA
HAVE IT**



Beating
all that
competi-
tion

Any chicks
hip enough
to hang
around
him



**DAVID
LYNCH**

"Jimmy
Stewart from
Mars"

Writer,
producer,
director,
producer,
songwriter,
marketing
specialist for
esoteric
TV shows

Taxidermist

ERASERHEAD



Merchan-
dising from
Twin Peaks

Isabella
Rosellini



**FAVORITE
SUBJECT
MATTER**



Two-
dimension-
al cartoon
characters
(including
himself)

Himself

Anything
weird
(including
himself)

**REACTS
TO
CRITICISM
BY...**

Surrounds
himself
with "YES"
men who
tell him
how good
his stool is

Going on
Nightline



Too self-
absorbed to care
in public but
privately
relieves tension
by dissecting
small animals.

**MAKES
EXTRA
MONEY
FROM...**

Giving
rides on
the Bat-
pole



Does Nike®
commercials,
owns over-
priced
sportswear
boutique, (and
most
annoying)
publishes a
self-gratifying
book about
each and
every one of
his films after
they are
released.

Peaks,
Peaks,
Peaks!

**TYPICAL
FAN**

Comic
Nerds
"Batties"



Couldn't
think up
answer
that
wouldn't
be miscon-
strued as
being
racist

Arthouse
Dilettantes
"Tweaks"

**DOOMED
TO FAILURE
BECAUSE...**

Batman 2

School
Daze 2

ABC execs
are pulling
their hair
out over
"Peaks" low
ratings

**COMPARED
TO
ORSON
WELLES
(THE Loser
Director)**



Not as fat,
actually
made
money

Not as fat,
doesn't act
in other
people's
films to
scrape up
money for
his own

Not as fat,
but had sex
with
women in
his films,
too

THE BOTTOM LINE: "Sucking" has nothing to do with being popular or making money.
It's having the talent and resources to do great work, but settling for **less...**

THAT KING OF *SPEED* FRANK GROW

Talks about his totally bitchin, chrome, fuel-injected, blown, duel overhead cam-driven, nitro-burning, 405 cubic inch, monster-drag film—

RED & ROSY



INTERVIEW WITH FILMMAKER FRANK GROW:

What about the influences for the film?

Dad was a drag racer, every weekend was at the drag races, he raced Studebakers, old Triumphs and Harley-Davidsons. If we weren't there, we'd be at custom car shows, with all the chrome. Have you been to George Barris' car studios?

Do they have the 'Bat-car'?

They did the baddest fucking car ever built, the "Munsters" coffin-dragster. Did you ever see the show where they raced that thing?

No....

Oh, it's so fucking cool. First they lose the hearse in a race—which was a bitching car too. So 'Herman' loses the hearse and 'Grandpa' builds a dragster out of a coffin so he can win

it back. It's too fucking cool with this big bubble top and parachute, it just kicks ass. Anyways, it's just memories of being a kid. The posters, T-shirts, weird monster stuff coming out of cars. The monster at the end of *Red & Rosy* is kind of like that, based on the same kind of idea. It wasn't conscious or anything, I didn't really link it, but it's like that. Robert Williams did a lot of those drawings. Ed Roth used to have a studio back there in the early 60's doing advertisements for *Hot Rod* and *Custom Car* magazine. He'd hire a lot of young, underground artists like Williams, Rick Griffin and Ed Newton. Newton is probably my favorite. He did those 'Odd Rod' trading cards, which I used to buy when I was a kid. It's all based on that kind of stuff, trying to be as fast as it can. The whole thing is speed and violence because that's what drag racing is; the customization of speed and violence. The cars smoking and shaking, painted with flames, bright

colors and pinstripes—every little piece. You can open up the engine and there's this whole other world inside. The drivers all have their fire-resistant suits, looking like spacemen walking to these cars. And when they take off, it's like the whole ground shakes, nitro fumes get in your eyes and make you cry and you have to cover your ears...it's a weird experience.

Tell me how you got the idea for the 'parts' thing.

They used to do a circuit tour with the cars, you know, like Don 'The Snake' Purdome and 'Big Daddy' Garlitz. Well, there was this one tour with 'The Red Baron' and "Snoopy" and "Snoopy" went off the track and into the guard rail. The driver died. It was a really furious crash with shit everywhere, so the race was stopped while they cleaned it up. I was about 5 years old and my dad was out drunk

"Of course I thought to myself, 'human body parts.'"

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS GORE

in the stands somewhere...but over the PA someone said "The driver is dead, and we're cleaning up." Then they'd put on some Black Sabbath while everybody went to get tattoos at the poster shops. It was all this weird death stuff.

Anyways, we were waiting for it to get started again when we heard [over the PA] "They've got the track pretty much cleaned up but we're still looking for a couple more parts of the body back by the finish line so give us 15 more minutes and we'll be back to racing again." Of course I thought to myself, "human body parts." But they were really taking about the fiberglass car body pieces that could get under a wheel and

cause another accident. But I thought how weird it would be to walk around out there to find the missing "body parts." What would you find?

Do you know "Big Daddy Roth."?

He's a great guy and he likes the movie, how it sorta captures that Southern California feeling of what it was all about. Not like today with these multi-million dollar cars and fucking Kentucky Fried Chicken dragsters—which is cool in its own way, but not how it used to be. That's not what it was then.

I don't know if I really want to ask about the monster. I mean, I don't really want to give it away since it's such a surprise at the end. I did not even expect it.

Well, the monster thing, that's just one part of it. The music, the cars and everything. If you were to take Red & Rosy and make a feature, and we did have enough footage, you would have a boring piece of shit. But we cut out all the shit, condensing it, so you have "movie concentrate" with all this cool stuff jammed in.

I just like the idea of bombarding people

with information, different levels of information. Your narration sometimes has nothing to do with the visuals...

Right. The visual thing was my idea.



We both went to art school, I came in as a sculptor, [Rico] was a filmmaker and we hit it right off for whatever reason. He had these great ideas for the voice-over, and you're exactly right, the visuals are bitchin', but the voice-over that he wrote gives it this whole other meaning on top of it.

I would have hated to be stuck in the "experimental" category, that's a dead-end.....

It's like you have these two different things coming at you at once. If you can see a car on screen, why talk about it? Why not talk about something else?

Exactly, I knew I wanted it to be fast. I wanted it to be like click, click, click, like you have a remote control in your hands. So Rico's writing really made it happen. The editing was there but he really made it work the way it does and gave it a real structure. The problem now is trying to make that work in a feature. I think it can, but it's a whole other thing to stretch it that way. You have a lot of options open there. You can either have more plot-points, like one every five minutes, or they can be totally unrelated. But I have no real interest

in making short films for their own sake. You make what you can afford.

Should we talk about the monster?

Yeah, why not.

How did you build the thing?

What I thought of first is that I wanted it to be this big "engine-head" guy. This friend of mine had this huge 464 cubic inch that threw a rod and was all fucked up, he let me borrow it for the weekend. So we had this huge engine that weighed tons and we built this chassis for it and the monster. Ed Roth sent me these books on how to build custom car bodies. Step-by-

step instructions on how to do fiberglass. It had these levers to control the eyes and the mouth...

How many people are we talking about to run this thing?

We probably had 22 people on the set pulling levers, pumping blood, blowing smoke, doing all that. It was a blast!

It reminded me of an old, 50's B-movie monster.

I don't want to sound too pretentious or arty, but it's really a sculpture. You look at this thing and you know it's operating in front of you live, you know it's something somebody built. It's a fucking sculpture. That's what films are. You build this fucking shit and get it out there up on a big screen, lit the way you want, presented the way you want. That's the way they see it. I loved doing the monster stuff, it was a fucking kick.

What's been the reaction to the film?

My dad really liked it, but mom's not quite sure. She's worried, but she's always been worried.

As long as it makes money, that's what they'll always say.

Right. Gets you a job, that's the point. There's this festival in New York that's broken up into three nights; experimental, straight narrative and a documentary night.

It could have fit into all three.

Luckily they put it into narrative night. So it was there with polished, graduate films from USC, UCLA, NYU, Columbia, all the big film production schools. And it got a great response, people laughing, clapping, other people walking out disgusted by the whole thing...but I got to meet some of these other directors and they were genuinely asking me questions about it. I was glad they liked it. I would have hated to be stuck in the "experimental" category, that's a dead-end.

Jack-off.

Well, people think it's a jack-off, although there might be something legitimately going on there. But it's dead.



Red & Rosy is available through
FILM THREAT VIDEO.

THIS ACTUALLY GOT MADE:

While you're probably sitting there thinking you've already seen some of the worst films ever made, we're here to let you know you haven't. Every year, millions of dollars are spent to make the kinds of films you don't want to waste your time with, and this is one of them. I met writer/producers Aileen and Larry Brown at the American Film Market, where they were selling the rights to *Silent, But Deadly* to lowly Third World countries too poor to import even the dullest Chuck Norris actioneers. A married couple about 60 years old, their company Bullseye Entertainment churns this stuff year after year.

Are you still just sitting there?



In the secretive world of major motion picture production, there are many times when a name is much more recognizable than any face. No, we're not talking about actors here, but the directors, writers and



Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer

KNOW THE

ENEMY

producers who are not only to blame, but make most of the money. This should not be the case. The ticket buying/tape-renting public should know who's getting rich. They should know them by sight. You should be able to spot them if you ever meet them in a dark alley. When they are alone. Especially after you've just been burned for \$6 bucks by their latest piece of shit, big-budget release. This is the first part of an ongoing FT VIDEO GUIDE effort to fill this information gap.

If you have a suggestion for this space, please let us know. Even with our connections, it's sometimes difficult to tell the players apart, especially without a program. Send to:

"Know The Enemy" c/o FT Video Guide
P.O. Box 3170
Los Angeles CA 90078-3170

The theme of "personal growth" has always been a staple of producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer's films since their first collaborative effort, which resulted in 1983's *Flashdance*. The picture starred Jennifer Beals as a young woman striving for fulfillment, working as a welder by day and a strip-dancer by night. Stylishly directed by Adrian Lyne, the film did tremendous box-office, proving once again that titillation and big bucks went hand in hand. This was no fluke.

Simpson, born in Anchorage, Alaska, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Oregon in 1967 and began his career marketing "youth culture" films such as *Woodstock* and *A Clockwork Orange*. He joined Paramount in 1975 and helped produce such trend-setting fare as *American Gigolo*, *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *48 Hours*. By 1980 he was the head of the studio's worldwide production organization.

Detroit native Jerry Bruckheimer won honors at an early age for his photography. Graduating with a BA from the University of Arizona, he went to New York to make television commercials. After a dozen Clio awards and a Cannes Silver Medal, Jerry produced 1975's *Farewell my Lovely*, a remake of the 1944 classic. It bombed. However he

soon followed with *Cat People*, *Thief* and *Young Doctors in Love*.

Having entered an exclusive deal with Paramount in 1983, the dynamic duo has earned over \$2 billion at the box-office.

FILMOGRAPHY

<i>Flashdance</i>	1983
<i>Thief of Hearts</i>	1984
<i>Beverly Hills Cop</i>	1984
<i>Top Gun</i>	1986
<i>Beverly Hills Cop II</i>	1987
<i>Days of Thunder</i>	1990

HOW TO FREAK THEM OUT

- (1) Tell them how much you loved *Thief of Hearts*.
- (2) With a hearty laugh, mention that witty, not-quite-forgotten SPY article.
- (3) Ask what kinds of boots their foot soldiers wear.
(3A) Drop the name "Michael Ovitz" or chant his phone number (213-288-4545).
- (4) Casually chant their phone number at Simpson & Bruckheimer Prods. (213-956-4500 or 213-956-5911)
- (5) Wink and ask if their secretaries Deborah and Carla are really twins.



HENRY

PORTRAIT OF A MEDIA

FREAK OUT!

By George Cunningham

Imagine this show-biz headline if you will....

**HENRY:
BOX-OFFICE KILLER!!!!**

DOWNBEAT IS IN! Says *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, the box-office sleeper which grossed twenty times its original production costs of 100 G's staked by MPI, distributors of the much ballyhooed *Faces of Death* series. Realizing they had more than just a 16mm property, MPI's marketing masterstroke was to shelve the film for nearly four years. It paid off in buckets when several festivals started a word-of-mouth buzz not heard since *Trip to Bountiful* burst on the scene in early 1985.

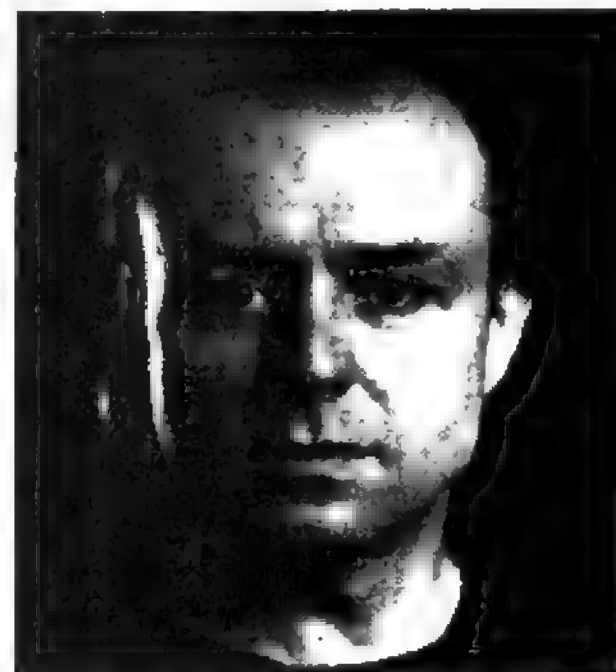
Boosted by the prospects of pre-selling their first built-in audience prestige project, the talk

is that megaproducers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer have hired wordsmith top gun Robert "China" Towne to pen the *Henry* sequel. Auteur (and now Scorsese protege) John McNaughton said he wanted to "redefine the horror film," and "take it as far as it could go in horrifying people." For the follow-up, Bruckheimer—Simpson staffers say they'll redefine McNaughton's creative vision and advertise the flick as far as it can go without horrifying people. Michael Rooker, the Chicago thespian who pioneered the title role in *Henry*, joined the B.-S. team family with *Days O' Thunder*: could he be singed to repeat the role for ten percent of the grossout? While he would probably be leery about a sequel, Rooker may be attracted to the one-line story idea emphasizing the human side of 'Henry'

HENRY AND ME:

An Interview With
John McNaughton
By Marc Savlov

John McNaughton is the new auteur in town, and "passionate" is certainly one way to describe the critical buzz on *Henry*. *Thin Blue Line* director Errol Morris made possible the film's first showing at Colorado's Telluride Film Festival, where more than a few audience members stalked



Director John McNaughton

Freak-Out, continued...

only hinting at in the first vehicle. This time around, mild-mannered 'Henry' falls in love with the late 'Becky's sister, but refuses to ditch her. Wedding bells in *Portrait II*? The soft-spoken serial actor isn't talking.

The original Henry was directed in the vein of Martin Scorsese before he hooked up with the Disney Channel, and employed the low-rent realism of *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*, sans the arthouse flairs. It's your basic Windy City romance:

...boy meets girl.

...boy suffers from heaving impotence whenever he's near girl and has to murder somebody.

....boy loses girl.

...girl goes to heaven.

Is this tragedy or what?! Kinda like that mega-hit *Ghost*, but less yuppie...

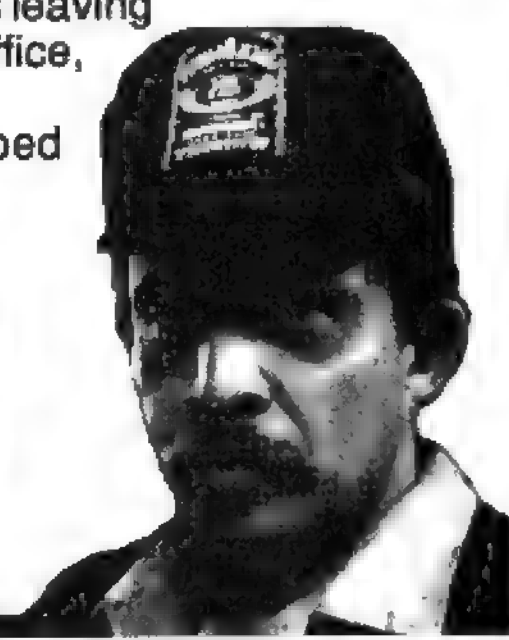
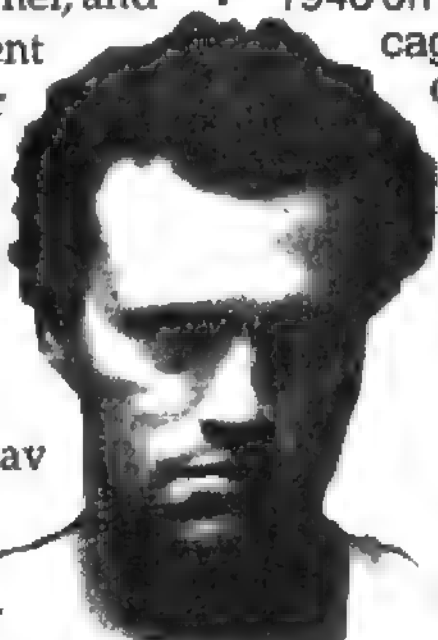
Surprisingly, Henry uses only one genuine documentary-style sequence. 'Henry' and 'Otis' (Tom Towles) steal a camcorder and document the slaughter of a nuclear family whose house they have violated. The camera sits on the floor, providing us with a skewed video record of the proceedings. Like some ultimate driver's ed. film, Dad is kicked/stabbed to death wearing a bloody pillowcase over his head, while Mom is sexually tortured before she and her Young Boy have their necks snapped.

This was acknowledged in newspapers across the country

McNaughton, continued...

out before it was even halfway through and critics were going wild with praise. There is no doubt that McNaughton's film is the real thing. Henry is so genuinely disturbing, so honest in its depiction of the day to day life and casual violence of a madman, that whether you love it or hate it, the harrowing power of the film cannot be ignored.

McNaughton was born in 1948 on the South Side of Chicago. After flirting with a career in rock 'n roll,



he studied art and photography at the University of Illinois in 1972. After finally graduating from Columbia College, he found himself with a seemingly useless de-

“Ratings? We thought, Let's just worry about that stuff later.”

gree, no “connections” and no real experience. He worked a series of jobs, ranging from factory work to a season with a traveling carnival. Returning to Chicago, McNaughton began doing industrial videos and directing local TV shows, all the while looking for a way to make a feature. In 1985, he and co-writer Richard Fire, backed by MPI Home Video, began developing what was to become

Henry.

How did you come up with the notion of a film about the daily life of a serial killer like “Henry”?

It was 1985, and I was offered the assignment of making a feature film for \$100,000—a horror film—from Waleed Ali of MPI. I'd known him for some time and had been trying to get him to make a film for quite a while. As I was leaving his office, I stopped

in on a friend of mine who worked for him, and he had a video of a segment of 20/20 which featured Henry Lee Lucas. It was very horrid, of course, but I was fascinated by this guy's ability to get close enough to these people to kill them.

How closely does your film parallel the real life of Lucas?

Not that closely. First of all, he was never in Chicago that we know of, although one never knows. We did do a fair amount of newspaper research and pieced together his story. Some of the stuff that 'Henry' says and does in the movie is based on reality, but it's only a piece here and a piece there woven into the basic story. To me, it was more important to try to get into the minds of the people who would do this and try to make up a story about their day to day moments, rather than slavishly try and tell a true story.

Freak-Out, continued...

as one of the most disturbing scenes ever captured on film. Director McNaughton's greatest kudo, however, was not the demented verisimilitude of this melee, but rather his ability to make...

FILM CRITICS IDENTIFY WITH THE SERIAL KILLER



McNaughton says there was "something endearing" about the real Henry Lee Lucas and he wanted to force the audience to "confront the 'Henry' within themselves." Which, he concedes, "sounds sort of stupid."

It's not stupid at all, according to *The Village Voice*'s hard-sell critic, Elliot Stein. He admits to homicidal burn-out: "I've really had it with serial killers, on and off screen," but was seduced by the protagonist's charming ways. "[He's] just about the nicest guy in the picture. He's polite, a gentleman."

The *New York Post*'s wishful thinking Jami Bernard, focusing on a romantic perspective, points out that "there is hope that the love of a good woman will reform 'Henry,' at least just this once."

For the *San Francisco Exam-*

McNaughton, continued...

As far as you know, has anything like this been done before?

No...not really. In *Cold Blood*, but that was pretty much based on the truth, fact for fact.

Were you ever worried about Henry being seen as just another mid-eighties slasher film?

We just tried to tell the story in a different way than those pictures do. We tried with a sort of documentary technique. *Sort of...* but not really. Because of our budget, we were very low on lights, so the lighting style is somewhat less than realistic and a bit more like a documentary. The camera movement is very much like what it would be in a regular dramatic film, but we still tried to achieve a very "real" look to the film, tell a very "real" story and not have it be a...fantasy. Which is what most horror or slasher films are. We were trying to cross genres, I guess, and hopefully we did.

You can make them feel violated.

Would you call Henry a "horror film."

Not in the sense that it's a horror-fantasy, as is expected these days in what is now called the horror genre. Richard Fire, the co-writer, and I, we took the assignment of making a horror film and that if it was to be a horror film, then we must be trying to horrify the audience. After you do something like *Henry*, you realize that there are certain ways to horrify: so that they're entertained, or you can make them feel violated.

Did you realize the MPAA would be giving you so much trouble over the rating?

It was something we thought about, but again, the picture was made so cheaply. We had never made a feature, so we were just so happy to be able to have the opportunity to make the film that we thought, "Let's just worry about that stuff later," you know? The original intent was for video-only release, and this was back in 1985, when having an unrated video wasn't a detriment. We didn't really care.

Did you ever expect Henry to garner the critical acclaim that it has?

You can never predict, but we had an idea, you know? When I met Michael Rooker, I could tell in the first 30 seconds after meeting him, I was convinced he would become a movie star. He just had that presence and that skill. At that point though, it's so hard to make a film and you're so burned out, that it takes a long time to walk away and really look at the production with some objectivity.

Can you name any films or filmmakers whose work has directly affected you?

My favorite director is Martin Scorsese. It just so happens that I'm about to meet him, so I went out and bought a copy of *Raging Bull*, and while I was watching it I noticed some similarities. Especially in some of the conversation scenes. I try not to be influenced by other people. When Richard Fire and I write, we never put in things we've seen before and always try to keep it fresh and original. Scorsese is definitely my favorite director, but I also like David Cronenberg, and I thought Spike Lee's last film was a masterpiece.

McNaughton, continued...

iner, drive-in movie critic Joe Bob Briggs says, "This movie gets so far inside the head of 'Henry,' the gentle serial killer, that you start to understand exactly what it is that makes him kill." Perhaps a far easier task for this rough-hewn Texan vulgarian?

Finally, *The Hollywood Reporter's* Henry Sheehan applauds the film's concern "with basic questions that slasher films

never answer: What is the killer like when he is alone? What makes him laugh? Can he fall in love? How would he show his affection for a woman?"

Reactions like this aren't so difficult to understand. After all, since the days of Valentino, movies have always provided a shorthand for romantic "dos" and "don'ts." How could James Hinkley have wooed Yale alumni, Jodie Foster, without consulting his 'Travis Bickle' mentor? Perhaps the *Reporter's* own Henry registered a few tips. •



PHOTOS BY GREG GEISLER

So, You Killed Your Mother?

An interview with the REAL Henry

by Greg Geisler

Certain national magazines are carrying an ad describing **Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer** with the phrase, "He's not Jason, he's not Freddie; he's real." We've decided not to go along with that estimation. 'Henry' is a character in a script written with great skill by Richard Fire and James McNaughton. He is not real. Some well-paid publicist came up with that line in order to cash in on America's unquenchable thirst for "realism" and murder. But there is another.

Facing the death sentence (or several jillion years in the slammer) for the mul-

tiple killings that made him famous, Henry Lee Lucas now spends most of his time in a 5 X 6 cell at the visitor's center, where he speaks his peace for an unending parade of slack-jawed journalists. Behind an inch of wire-reinforced glass and steel mesh,

I watch
"Adam 12" a lot...

the former drifter/Angel of Death looks like someone's slightly doddering uncle rather than the calculating executioner one might expect. A drooping left eye and Virginian lilt adds to the effect as the 54-year old casually smokes and twiddles his

thumbs to an indiscernible rhythm. Lucas stares impassively through the glass, down the corridor, to the light streaming through a small window; seemingly lost to his inner world.

How could it be that this man has been found guilty of murder? Well, it didn't help that he confessed to a string of some 360 brutal slayings. Between 1983 and 1987, Lucas led law officials from around the country on what they thought to be the trail of the most prolific mass killer to date. However, Lucas later denied any participation in the crimes, much to the dismay of the prosecution, who claims that Lucas earlier offered details about the killings that only the real murderer would know. Fickle bumpkin or criminal genius? You decide.

Busy day?

Hard work. There's so much involved. I have nothing to hide myself, but I have to think of the families of the victims you know. I wouldn't want to say something that would cause problems with them.

The Orange Socks was the death sentence.....

You have to be careful with what you say.

'Cause I've seen things they probably haven't seen. No hard feelings there.

What have you been convicted of?

The Orange Socks murder. That's an unidentified white female. And I've been convicted of, well, not convicted, I had to plead on about 8 others. Don't ask me who they are, 'cause I don't know. (The crime was so dubbed because the unidentified female victim, found strangled near Georgetown, Texas on Halloween of 1979, was wearing only a pair of orange socks. —Ed.)

More unidentified?

No, not unidentified, they're people that they know. Policemen and all know them, but I don't. I was just flown into an area, sat down in a car and then off to the courthouse. So it's hard to tell who they are.

What were you sentenced in those particular crimes?

I was given life sentences. I have 6 or 7 life sentences, two 75 year sentences, and a 60 year sentence. They were all crimes that I didn't do, but still, I have to prove I didn't do them. The Orange Socks was the death sentence, which I'm still under.

Do they have an execution date set?

For the 3rd of December this year. I have an appeal in now, but it's up to the Federal court now as to whether I get a stay or not.

So you may not get one?

I have no idea. Everybody

around here says I will, but knowing the things I know, it's hard to say.

We were sent down here with couple of unique questions to ask. There was a film made, loosely based on you, called Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer. Have you heard of it?

Yeah, I've heard of it, which turned my stomach.

What did you hear?

That it portrays a serial killer, which I know I'm not, and the people involved...I know they're not serial killers. I don't think people should be out there seeing that kind of trash. As far as I'm concerned.

Trash because it's not true, because it's violent?

It's violent. I understand it's supposed to show some crime scenes in it. To me, I don't think crime scenes should be shown on TV. Maybe on the news program or something like that, just to show what happened.

What do you think it does?

I think it has an effect on mental people. I saw reactions from mental people, I was in a hospital for six and a half years, so I know what I'm talking about. I've seen reactions from them watching programs on TV. To me, that's wrong. I don't think there should be that type of stuff.

There was a scene in the film where 'Henry' hit a man over the head with a TV set until he died. Is that...?

I don't know anything about that.

'Henry's friend in the film, 'Otis'....?

He was a friend. But they call him a homosexual friend. He had his problems, but so far as me being homosexual, no.

What was his full name?

Otis Toole. That's all I know.

Do you remember his sister? In the film, she was supposed to fall in love with you.

He had two sisters, but that was supposed to be his niece. Becky Powell. They (the filmmakers)

There's another scene where 'Henry' is videotaping 'Otis' killing someone.

I don't know anything about it.

It's just made up?

They tried to make it up on confessions that I gave them, but as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing

to a movie on the street.

Do have some favorite things to watch?

I like the news, Christian programs...things like that. I

Of course, stabbing her with a knife...

watched (Jimmy) Swaggart up until the time he got messed up in that stuff up there. And then I stopped watching that and I started watching one up in Canada.

What do you think about TV now?

Some programs they get on there isn't worth watching. I don't have to. They watch what they want and I watch what I want.

Is there too much violence or sex?

There's too much of everything.

Are there any actors that you know or like, or any favorites that you have?

I watch Adam-12 a lot. Something like police programs, I watch them.

What about John Wayne?

Years ago he used to be a favorite actor. When I was a kid I wanted to be more or less like him. I played cowboys with my brother. He died. Got run over by a bulldozer when he was working on that big resort down in Florida...Disney World. That

had her falling in love with me, which isn't true. She thought of me as a father.

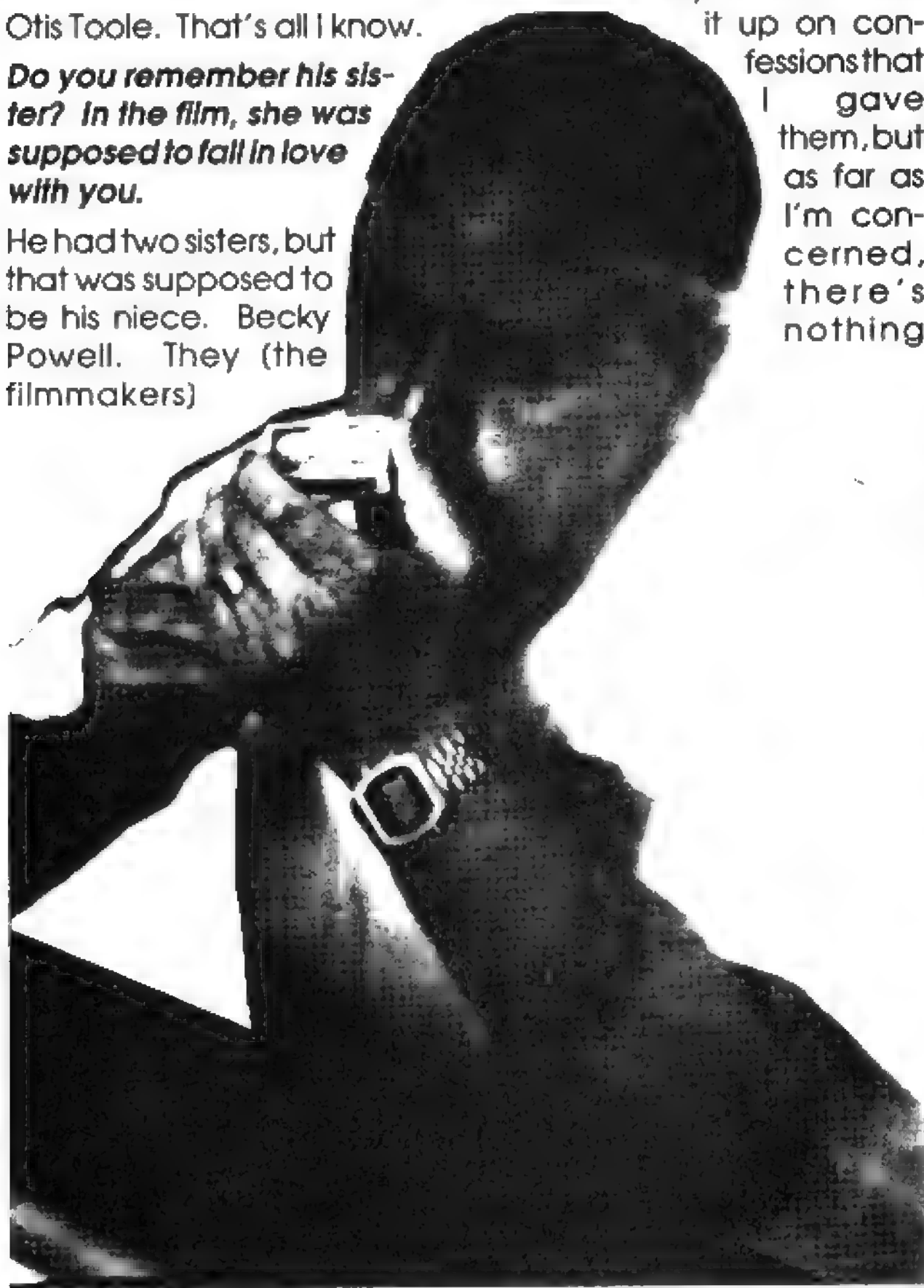
She's a young girl?

She was. Should be 22 or 23 now.

in that film showing anything I ever did.

Have you seen a lot of films?

I've seen a lot of stuff on TV, but as far as seeing a movie on the street? I've never went



was when they first started on that. He was around 18 or 19.

Who were your parents?

My parents was drunks and prostitutes. Talking about them is like talking about a

one I could feel that done it. Of course, stabbing her with a knife...I don't remember that happening. I know that if they say it happened, it must have happened. I take re-



"I had to wear a dress and long hair."

nightmare. I guess you'd say the way other kids grew up was different.

You were abused?

I was dressed as a girl for about 7 years of my life by my mother. I had to wear a dress and long hair.

She wanted a daughter?

That's my opinion, I don't know. She died in 1960. We got in a fight and she got killed.

What happened?

I was drunk and she was drinking quite heavily and she come home to where I was staying and started hitting me in the head with a broom handle. That's the last I remember. That's all I remember, she ended up dead. They say she died of a stab wound, somewhere in the neck. I took responsibility because I knew I lived there and I was the only

responsibility.

What made you capable of killing your mother?

I think it had a lot to do with being brought up the way I was. Being beaten, stuff I just couldn't take anymore. I was made to watch her having sex. I've been made to sell moonshine when I was a kid. She not only beat me with switches, belts or sticks, but whatever was in her hand. It didn't matter. Maybe that's the way she was brought up.

I feel certain that someone will make a film about your life. Who would you pick to portray you?

I don't think there's anybody out there that could portray me. I don't know that much about it.

Do you know who Jack Nicholson is?

I've heard of him, but that's all.

Though Lucas now claims that he was simply using over-eager law enforcement officials to stay out of jail, he feels certain that "someone" is responsible for all those unsolved murders. If released, he has vowed to devote the rest of his life to finding the guilty party. Lucas has commented, "(The execution date) is just a formality. I don't feel creepy inside because I'm not guilty of all those murders."

Lucas' attorney, Rick Alley, is appealing to the Supreme Court and will try for an acquittal due to insufficient evidence. As of our press time, Lucas was still waiting on death row for a stay of execution as December 3rd rapidly approaches. •

McNaughton, continued

Do you plan to continue in the horror genre?

No. I love a good horror picture, but the good ones are few and far between. I don't plan on continuing like, say, Wes Craven, because then you get stuck. I like working in the genre because it gives you so much freedom, but you can also make one too many horror pictures. •



INTRO: THE STORY SO FAR

Two years ago a new magazine called *FILM THREAT* was invited to a big film festival in Toronto. Two reporters, a Mr. Gore and Mr. Zimmerman, spent three days watching films, laughing at press conferences and gulping all the available free food and booze at various movie parties. In doing so they also committed the carnal sin of film fests: *they had fun*. Lots of fun. And they were so happy, they bragged about all the fun they had in a subsequent issue of *FILM THREAT*. This rankled the powers that be, and, well, they received no invite to the next years fest.

90



Festival
OF FESTIVALS

PRESS



PAUL
ZIMMERMAN
FILM THREAT MAGAZINE

REVENGE AT THE TORONTO FILM FESTIVAL!

Remembering that -it's no fun to go to a party you're invited to- just made them want to go more. In a daring plan a fake magazine with fake staffers and even phony photos were sent to Toronto for press accreditation. Luckily they liked the look of this 'new' magazine, *Film Forum*, and press passes were sent. And the two reporters spent three days watching films, laughing, glug-glug, etc. In fact they had so much fun they bragged about their coup in a subsequent issue of *FILM THREAT*.

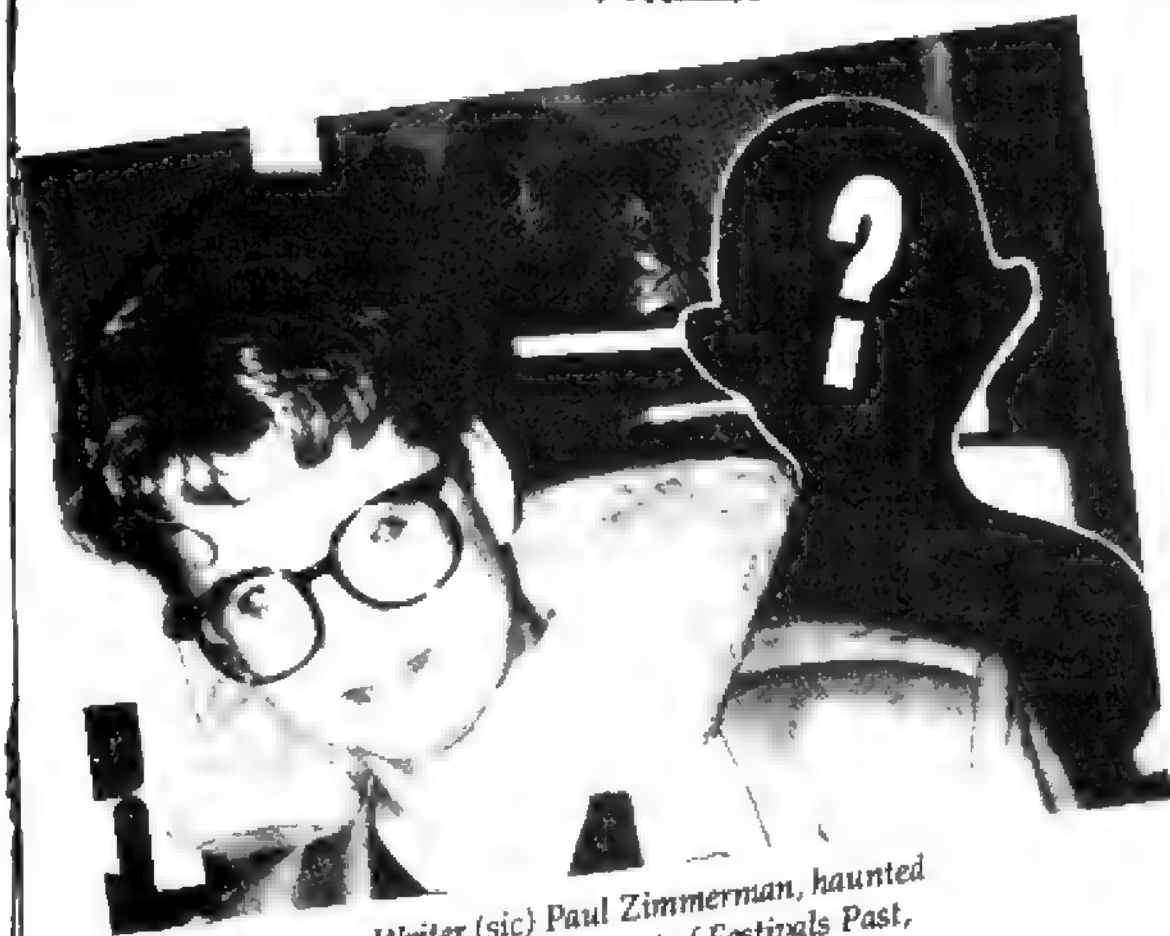
Cut to: One year later: The Hollywood office of *FILM THREAT* receives a strange call- *The Toronto Festival of Festivals* wants to call a truce. Unfortunately one of the reporters has too much work to do, (Ack! It's true! Gore has obligations up the kazoo.) leaving it up to Mr. Z to uphold the tradition. What follows are some highlights...

When film watching gets boring one can entertain oneself by watching other reporters. Most of the stuffy types are natural entertainers.

These can easily be spotted as they keep on their dorky press passes even while walking the streets of Toronto. In an attempt to look cool, they also pretend to be oblivious to the common folk and stare straight ahead when they pass the theater they're looking for. Film schedules are given out the size of road maps. So it's not unusual to see flocks of reporters stumbling down the street, with the upper half of their bodies blanketed by the giant sheets with the tiny type. While they look comic, they make no attempt to hide their befuddlement. Indeed, here in the land of the terminally hip, looking like a lost tourist (while wearing your all-access badge) is the ultimate cool statement.

And the biggest of all the critics as stars is of course Roger Ebert. 1990 turned into the year of the Roger Clone. Yes, I know this sounds trivial, but when lots of people ape his look, I became alarmed. Imagine the shock from seeing person after person, all with the same salt'n'pepper hair, 50 lbs. overweight, in tweed wool coats, roaming a usually fashionable city.

When one needs refuge from all the hub-bub the press bar is the tonic one needs. While it stayed open only until seven each night, it's where reporters can rest, swill complementary drinks (*Labatt's* sponsorship is very acute here) and eat rich desserts. I can't mention any conversations there, as large signs blare '*All conversations are private. Photos are forbidden.*' (Geez, they're so touchy. Just because a magazine with the initials F.T. repeated one story.) If seven does roll around and you're not quite up to facing the town yet, there was a permanent press bar adjacent to the makeshift festival one. This was the kind of place where the crusty old writers hung out, telling great war stories, while nursing a scotch. Naturally they were a lot more interesting than us young upstarts of 'new journalism'. One evening around 7:01 I wandered in to order a drink. The seasoned bartender made no move and said fatalistically, "You'd have to pay." He looked shocked when I didn't scream in horror and bolt for the exit. Instead I smiled my nicest smile and assured him, "It's ok, I have done it before."



Writer (sic) Paul Zimmerman, haunted by the friendly ghost of Festivals Past, Chris Gore.

FILMS IN BRIEF

by Paul Zimmerman and John Anthony

What follows are some highlights. Many of the more bizarre beasts I sat through run a small chance of heading this way. Film release dates were sketchy at press time.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

No, it's not the remake of Roxanne, haw-haw, but the original classic story of the shy guy with the big nose. Star Gerard Depardieu has been gathering awards around the world lately for his straight-forward portrayal of the tragic hero. This also proved to be the most popular film of the festival, winning the Labatt's Classic award. Release date: October. (Critics voted *An Angel At My Table*, the New Zealand biography of famed and tragic poet Janet Frame, as best film. This is the second feature from director Jane "Sweetie" Campion).

The hilarious press conference for *After Dark, My Sweet*. L to R: Director James (Who's That Girl) Foley, star Bruce ("Uncle Buds fucked babe!") Dern and hunky star Jason ("uh...J...ah...uh...") Patrick.



I HIRED A CONTRACT KILLER

Prolific and gifted Finnish director Aki Kaurismaki scores big with this masterpiece of understated black comedy. Jean-Pierre Leaud (*The 400 Blows*) stars as the hapless suicide who can't even end his miserable life without humorous complications and screw-ups. A simple story full of dead-pan irony and ultimately a truly original film. J.A. Release date: Unknown.

Bride of Reanimator might make it into theaters soon, who knows?



TRUST

This second feature by the promising American (Long Island) director Hal Hartley, continues his dark, wordy and usually hilarious look into the absurdities of love and suburban family life. More focused and assured than last year's *The Unbelievable Truth*, Hartley proves that he is an American original a la Jim Jarmusch. Memorable wordplay and one-liners give the film an off-the-wall edge. J.A. Release date: Unknown.

Labatt
CLASSIC
FILM AWARD

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| 7 | | |

Whoopi Goldberg was in town to plug the civil rights film *The Long Walk Home*. Whoopi entertained the crowd with a gritty naturalistic Q&A about how success hasn't changed her (to prove it she put her tennis shoe clad feet on the table) and even said the word FUCK!



SINGAPORE SLING- The Greek

b/w and s/m gross-out fest I made the mistake of seeing in the AM. I'll let you decide, does this sound entertaining: simulated sex, a mother sodomizing her daughter, three puke scenes- including one in place of a climax, endless speechifying, and a man in drag with a butcher knife for a phallus. Whenever I would describe the film to other reporters they would lick their chops and ask when the next showing was. Believe me, it's actually boring and art for art's sake a la *The Cook, The Thief...ad nauseam*

Release Date: Never, I hope.

THE NIRVANA STREET MURDER

This Australian find features the feuding-friends grittiness of *Mean Streets* with the offhanded humor of *Drugstore Cowboy*. Short, sweet, to the point, and not to be confused with the usual nice fare we've come to expect from *Down Under*. It's not here yet, but when I find out where, you'll be the first to know.

REFLECTING SKIN

Phillip Ridley's feature film debut is everything a bad movie should be...overwrought, unintentionally funny, with beautiful "style over substance" cinematography. The story itself has some good twists with heavy-handed monsters, real and imagined. It can't be saved by the self-consciously contrived direction and overall lack of vision. Opening date: Unknown.

The festival runs each fall from September 6th-15th and is unique in that all films are open to the public. Single film admission is \$6, or, for the bargain hunter, the daytime pass for all films is just \$60. (If you want to go first class, try the Gold Patron Pass, which is good for all films, all Festival events for two and it costs just \$1,500.) But don't forget, the current exchange rate is about 13 cents on the dollar.

The festival had proceeded basically without incident, although Clint Eastwood had nearly been trampled by well wishers at his press conference for *White Hunter, Black Heart*. And a few days earlier, Dennis Hopper had gleefully slammed the star of his film *The Hot Spot*. Hungry reporters eagerly chomped on the juicy copy Hopper had fed them about how Johnson had reneged on doing any press support until he read the reviews. Hopper carped about having to pay for Johnson's eight man entourage out of his own pocket. In this land of megapoliteness, at least there was some good old-fashioned dirt.



Thanks and a tip of the hat goes to John Anthony (who -ye gods- saw over 40 films in 10 days.) A tip of the glass goes to our northern correspondent David M. (as in *Mr. Uncle Tanoose*) Giammarco and *The Hollywood Beat*. And a special thanks to writer-director Ron Oliver for being out of town during the entire festival.

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FROM 10:00 PM ON AT THE
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Please present this invitation
at the door

Admission One

by Richard Alien Feren

TORONTO FESTIVAL: MIDNITE MADNESS

After the success of last year's Midnight Madness program, fearless programmer Noah Cowan assembled another strong lineup of unusual recent films, ranging from big-budget Euro-horror like *THE CHURCH* to independent guerilla productions like *MY DEGENERATION*. With a few exceptions, the Midnight program was enthusiastically attended: The highlight was the appearance of the legendary Dario Argento, who was greeted by tremendous cheering and applause from a packed theatre when introducing his new productions, *THE CHURCH*, and his collaboration with George Romero, *TWO EVIL EYES*. Argento's recognition in Canada is long overdue, and the surprised director remarked to Noah that he'd be pleased to visit Canada for future festivals.



Meet the Feebles

MEET THE FEEBLES
Directed by Peter Jackson
New Zealand, 1989, 96 minutes

Jackson, who gained notoriety with the aptly-named *BAD TASTE* returns with another demented puppet extravaganza. *MEET THE FEEBLES* is basically a sick-humored takeoff on "The Muppet Show", and proved to be one of the biggest draws of the series.

Ever wondered what would happen if the late Jim Henson got together with John Waters? It would probably be something like this. Totally devoid of live actors, the cast includes Bletch, a drug-dealing walrus; Sid, a manic-depressive elephant; Wynward, a knife-throwing frog who's also a Vietnam

Following are some brief summaries of the Midnight Madness films for 1990. The series premiered with the British film *HARDWARE*, which I won't discuss since it's been shown all over North America, bewildering filmgoers who expect their movies to actually have a story. Here are the rest:

Frankenhooker star
Patty Mullen raised more than a
few nuts and bolts on and off the screen.



vet and a hopeless junky (his hands shake uncontrollably when he throws knives); Trevor, a sleazy rat who produces porno flicks with Daisy the cow and Wally the cockroach; and an unforgettable fly who eats lunch out of the toilet bowl. Somehow, these depraved creatures manage to put on a musical-variety show with an explosive ending. A lot of the humor is a little corny for my tastes, but there's an incredible amount of bodily fluids spewing from these hapless puppets. My favourite part was a crucifix with Kermit the Frog nailed to it. It's certainly not family entertainment, but for those with a taste for sick humor, *MEET THE FEEBLES* is unlike anything you've ever seen.

FRANKENHOOKER

Directed by Frank Henenlotter
USA, 1990, 90 minutes

One of my personal favorites of this year's series, Henenlotter, the creator of *BASKET CASE* 1 and 2, as well as *BRAIN DAMAGE*, unleashed his latest comedy-horror masterpiece, chiefly influenced by

both FRANKENSTEIN and THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE.

The film opens with mad scientist Jeffrey Franken witnessing the demise of his fiancée Elizabeth by an automated lawn mower. He saves her severed head and decides to rebuild her, using body parts from crack-addicted downtown hookers. The film is consistently hyperactive and in wonderfully bad taste, and Henenlotter's effects have come a long way since the stop-motion Belial of the original BASKET CASE. Henenlotter also makes his usual curious observations on drug addiction (Jeffrey likes to stimulate his brain with an electric drill!). The film also includes an appearance by the almost-unrecognizable Louise Lasser of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" fame. James Lorinz as Jeffrey is perfectly wired and deranged. Definitely not to be missed.

THE CHURCH

Directed by Michele Soavi
Italy, 1989, 90 minutes

Soavi learned his craft after many years working as assistant director for Dario Argento and such as TENEBRAE and PHENOMENA. His first feature film, STAGE FRIGHT, showed the influence of his mentor: it was a focused and polished thriller with superb camerawork and effects. Argento's influence is also evident in THE CHURCH (he was one of the screenwriters), but unfortunately this one doesn't hang together quite as well.

appearing on a wall is the closest cinematic treatment of LSD visuals that I've ever seen. Although THE CHURCH fails short in the areas of plot and characterization, it does provide some great chills, and is definitely worth seeing, especially for fans of stylish horror films.

**WARNING: WE'LL
BE THERE
NEXT YEAR!**

IRON MAN (TETSUO)

Directed by Shinya Tsukamoto
Japan, 1989, 67 minutes

Not since ERASERHEAD have I seen such a unique and meticulously-crafted film as IRON MAN. Shot entirely in black-and-white, the hysterically paced story is impossible to describe, and probably requires repeated viewings to be understood (it didn't help that there were no subtitles). Nevertheless, the film is an awe-inspiring sensory overload, filled with incredible post-industrial textures and dizzying pixillation.

The rather confusing story centers on an ancient church built on top of a mass grave where hundreds were slaughtered during the crusades. In modern times, the new librarian of the church begins to unearth its secrets, setting in motion a fatal chain of events. Potentially interesting insights into good and evil are obscured by the muddled storyline and occasionally laughable acting.

However, the cinematography is exquisite, and there are a few truly amazing scenes: one hallucination sequence of images

I won't attempt to provide a synopsis, but here are some quotations from the press package: "The businessman raped by metal penis. Pain and ecstasy of being thrust [sic] through the body by telepathy by a metal fragment sticking into his brain." It's a surprisingly anti-industrial movie from hi-tech Japan. The amount of work and dedication put into this project is apparent in every single frame: director Tsukamoto also did lighting, scripting, art direction, and acting. He's now working on a new film, and I can hardly wait. Apparently a North American distribution deal has been signed for IRON MAN, and I advise you to search high and low for this macabre effort...it's well worth the trouble.



LISA HOULE's

short 16mm film **Not Farewell Sweet Flesh** is probably one of the few full-blown operas ever shot on 16mm, but her next effort, a Super-8 feature titled **Pussbucket**, promises to be something not seen before.

A graduate of Emerson college and recent arrival to New York, Houle divides her time between her current production and singing in her band. What brought Lisa to our attention?

Probably her ad that ran in the last issue of *Film Threat*:

DeMattia, 8 Hudson Road, Haddonfield, NJ 0. 421 (201) 853-4420.

MISCELLANEOUS

NUDE PHOTOS OF FEMALE DIRECTOR when you send funds to finish her latest **SLASHER**. In the name of God help her finish this film! Send check or money order (over \$5) to: Lisa Houle, Blessed Elysium Prod., 100 Sullivan St. #2A, NY, NY 10012

Knowing that readers would definitely be interested in this kind of offer, I not only sent in my own money, but got this interview just to see what kind of desperate person Lisa Houle might be. What I found is a 23-year old filmmaker dabbling in mail-fraud.



Have you gotten any more responses from your ad?

Yeah, three checks.

So they're really rolling in. How many bucks are we talking about here?

I'm not sure, I haven't counted it up yet. But I'm not going to cash anything until I decide what to do. I want to wait and see what happens. It's all part of the plan.

Are you actually going to send the photos or are you just testing the Federal mail-fraud laws?

I have something planned. I'm definitely going to send people something, but I won't be taking any money until I do that. It's really more of an experiment to see how many sickos are out there. There's no harm done, I'll even send people quarters back for the postage.

Wow, you really are honest. So about Not Farewell, Sweet Flesh....

That was just a student film I did at Emerson College in Boston. It was my senior thesis, just for graduation. I've had some success with it, but nothing spectacular.

It's not just anybody that goes out and makes an opera.

It was really a culmination of all the things I was doing at the time. Singing with my band, making films and writing. I'd made short films before, Super-8 exercises for classes, but this was my first real project, so I wanted to do something that was a little different from what everybody else was doing. Eric Hammer, one of the stars of my new film, **Pussbucket**, was the art director. He really had a lot to do with the direction of the film.

Pussbucket. Can I assume it is a horror film?

A black and white, Super-8 musical/horror feature.

Like a Busby Berkeley kind of musical?

More like an adaptation of a Broadway show. In fact, the full title is **Pussbucket: From the Broadway Musical**. Basically, it's about an alien who comes to Earth to find a new energy source for her spaceship; which happens to run on pus. So she finds two very suggestible Earthlings to help her, these two brothers, a couple of Jesus-freaks. The alien presents herself as the Madonna and convinces the two that there's evil running rampant around the world and that the only way to stop it is to infect the evil with this disease, to wipe it out. So they do it and that's how the alien gets the pus, from the decaying bodies. The brothers think they're doing everything for Jesus, that this is some sort of holy calling from God.

Could you describe it as kind of a plague/AIDS parable?

Kinda, but don't quote me on that. You said it not me.

How far along is *Pussbucket*?

We're almost done shooting, but it's taken almost a year-and-a-half to get this far. We're all dedicated to seeing it done and it looks really good so far. I really love the way B/W Super-8 looks, especially Tri-X. It's really been scraping for pocket change.

Do you prefer Super-8 to 16mm?

Right now, financially, I'd have to say Super-8.

Which is why you're selling nude pictures of yourself. Is *Pussbucket* on as grand a scale? I mean, there really was a certain opulence to *Flesh*.

It's totally different. Not *Farewell, Sweet Flesh* was a fairy tale and had to be done that way, plus, it was 16mm and we got a lot of free equipment from Emerson.

But that's really the only reason to go to film school isn't it? To get free stuff?

To make your final film, right. *Flesh* is very serious in a way, a backlash against the "what I did on my spring break" goofiness that most student films are about. Either that or documentary films or this sort of "guy wearing sunglasses in a trenchcoat with a gun" thing. I was really into Shakespeare at the time.

Sweet Flesh has that "Romeo and Juliet," very baroque, Hammer film look to it. Almost Ken Russell-esque.

Very Gothic, very romantic. . . But I'm also into old musicals, with that brightness and color. Like *The King*



Hammer and Flemming in *Pussbucket*.

and I. *Pussbucket* is like that, but more like science-fiction.

I noticed in the *Sweet Flesh* credits that you also play evil 'Queen Zapkiela,' the ruler of the underworld. Was there any kind of inspired casting with that? Some nasty ego trip?

No, not really. We were about to shoot and it would have taken more time to teach someone else

all the words to her part and get them to sing it the way I wanted. I didn't really want to play it, but it saved time. Terrence Flemming, the lead in *Sweet Flesh* is also the lead in *Pussbucket*. He plays 'Judas' opposite Eric Hammer's 'Corned Beef.' They're the brothers who help the alien. They do a lot of "brotherly" things together. It's pretty ugly. I've never really seen brothers do these kinds of things on film before.

Maybe way up in the Ozarks?

Right, the backwoods of Appalachia somewhere.

Is there anything on this shoot that you didn't encounter before?

Just the sheer ugliness of it. It's taken so much time for money reasons that everybody in the film has literally aged. I'm really not sure how it's

going to look in continuity—having someone age from scene to scene.

Is there anything out there right now that's interesting to you?

Not really.

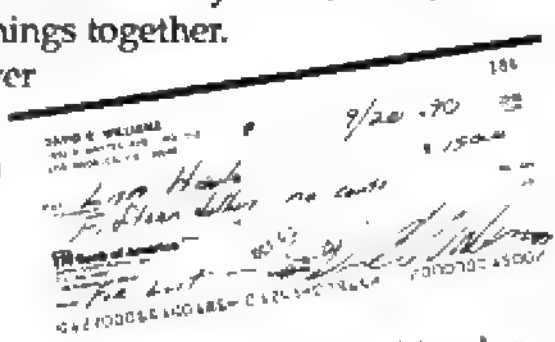
You haven't been caught up in this whole David Lynch/"Twin Peaks" thing? You haven't been hoodwinked by all this hype?

No. "Twin Peaks" is really for bored college kids. (laughs) David Lynch, oooh, he's so weird! He's so hip! (more laughter) Eric and I both went to the same school in Boston that Lynch went to and all we ever heard about was "David Lynch."

I sent Lisa a check for my very own set of nude

pictures. Just to see what I'd get in return. Well, it's a lucky thing I did, because

Miss Houle's offer seems to be complete bullshit. Not only did she NOT send any compromising photos, but she cashed my check! Readers, don't be ripped off like I was.





Run of the House

Jim Felter has made a classic fable on film. If you consider an independent film shot in the worst parts of Washington, D.C., with transvestites, interracial relationships, and a sexually repressed Jewish cab driver, a fable.

I arrived in Washington, D.C. and the first thing I noticed, having lived in L.A. for the last year, was how blue the skies were. I mean, they were as blue as crayons. I'm used to the brownish blue haze that graces perpetually boring and sunny Los Angeles. Rachel Sergi, the assistant director on the film, tells me the sky is this way because there are no factories, thus, no pollution. Just a lot of hot air and corruption from politicians but that's the name of the game in this city.

Shooting an independent film in Washington, D.C., is not so unusual. What is unusual is how demented and fun this film is, for such a conservative town whose industry is government. Run of the House is the kind of film this city needs. "We consciously decided not to shoot any monuments or things that people would recognize about Washington, D.C. Only the worst parts of town," says director Felter.

Run of the House was shot in Super-16mm using the same camera that Spike Lee used to shoot She's Gotta Have It and Jim

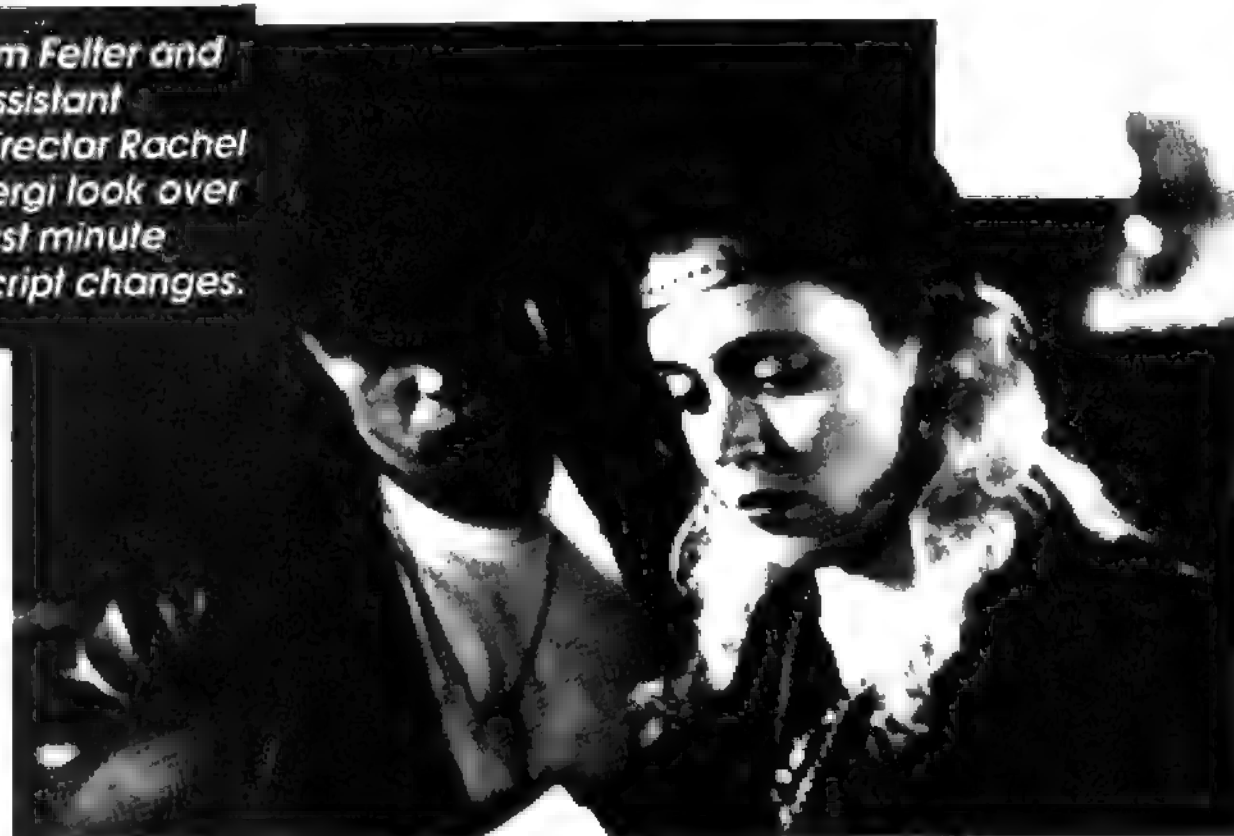
Jarmusch's Stranger Than Paradise. Hoping this will give them a little luck, the Washington D.C. crew, along with Felter, assistant director Rachel Sergi and producer Janice Holland embarked to create this fun-filled romp through the underbelly of D.C. culture.

Some of you may remember Jim Felter's 30 minute video, Stuffed, a John Waters-esque comedy about uptight caucasians. Writer/director Felter is just as merciless with his

characters in House. There are scenes that attack the family, the values of alternative lifestyles and anything else that gets in the way. Jim isn't afraid to say what's on his mind or even criticize himself. My kind of guy.

Run of the House is a Greek fable (and I do mean Greek). It's the story of Sady, a black, homosexual transvestite who meets up with a Jewish cab driver named Issy Felchbaum. (It seems that censors on TV still do not know what the word "felch" means.

Jim Felter and assistant director Rachel Sergi look over last minute script changes.



ON THE SET REPORT BY CHRIS GORE

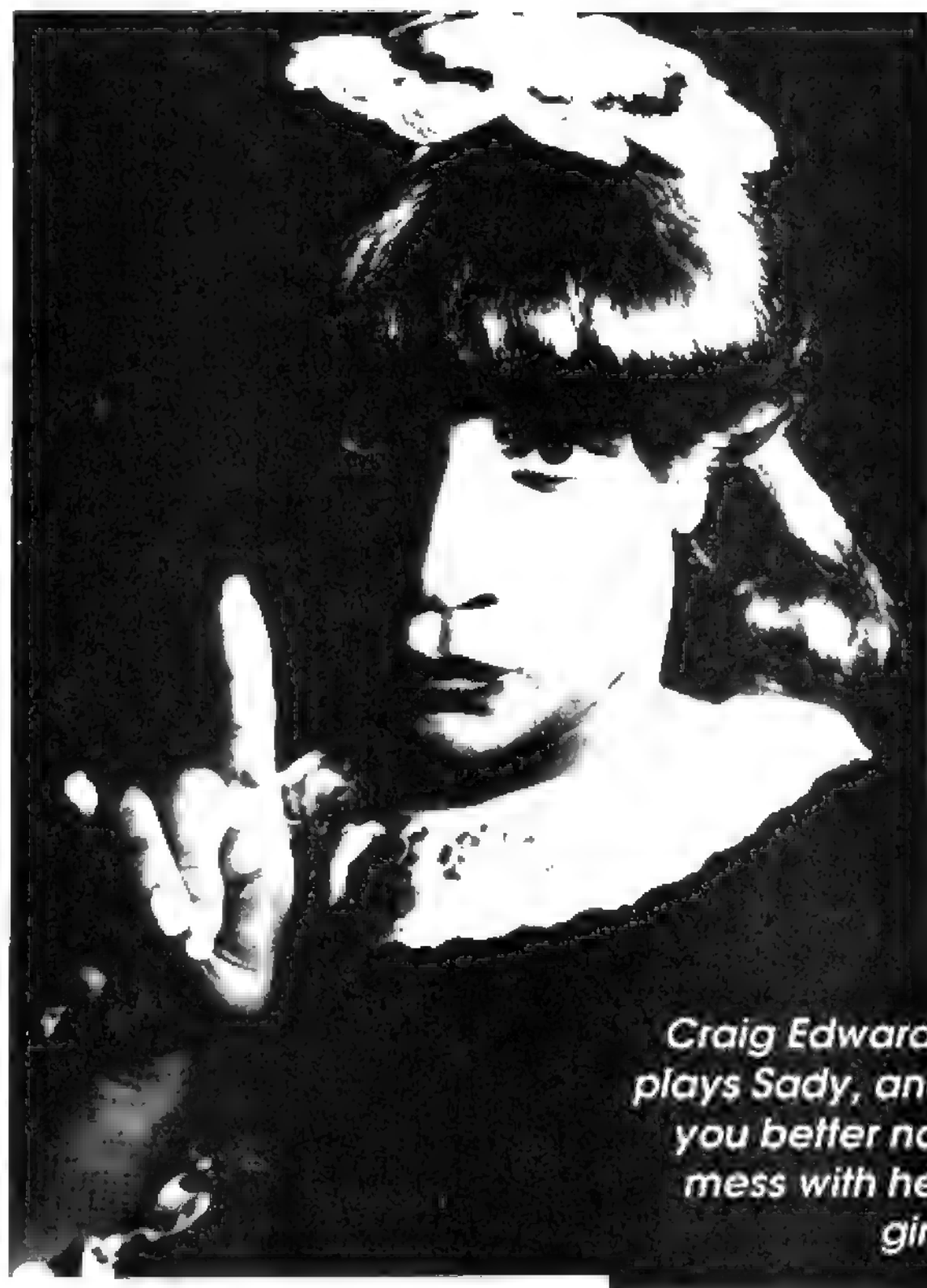
all photos by Christine Felter

Transvestites are a sect of society that the mainstream still can't understand or accept... just the image is such a rape of icons.

Technically, it's oral sex with the butt.) Issy has long fantasized about becoming involved with a black woman and has fallen for Sady in the worst way. Issy hires Sady as a maid just so he can get the opportunity to be alone with her. Imagine Issy's surprise when he finds out that Sady is really... a MAN! Is Issy upset? See the film and find out.

Director Felter explains: "It's a classic storyline. A catalyst is thrown in to a very white, middle class, stable situation and then everyone goes through a catharsis. They change."

The sexuality in the film, though done in a very comedic sense, is portrayed realistically. At one point, Issy considers if he should use a condom or not. Felter



Craig Edwards plays Sady, and you better not mess with her girl!

is very vocal about bringing up the use of condoms when dealing with sex, commenting: "There's no way can't do that! You have to be careful. You can't be unrealistic about what sex is like in the

nineties. Condoms are a way of life."

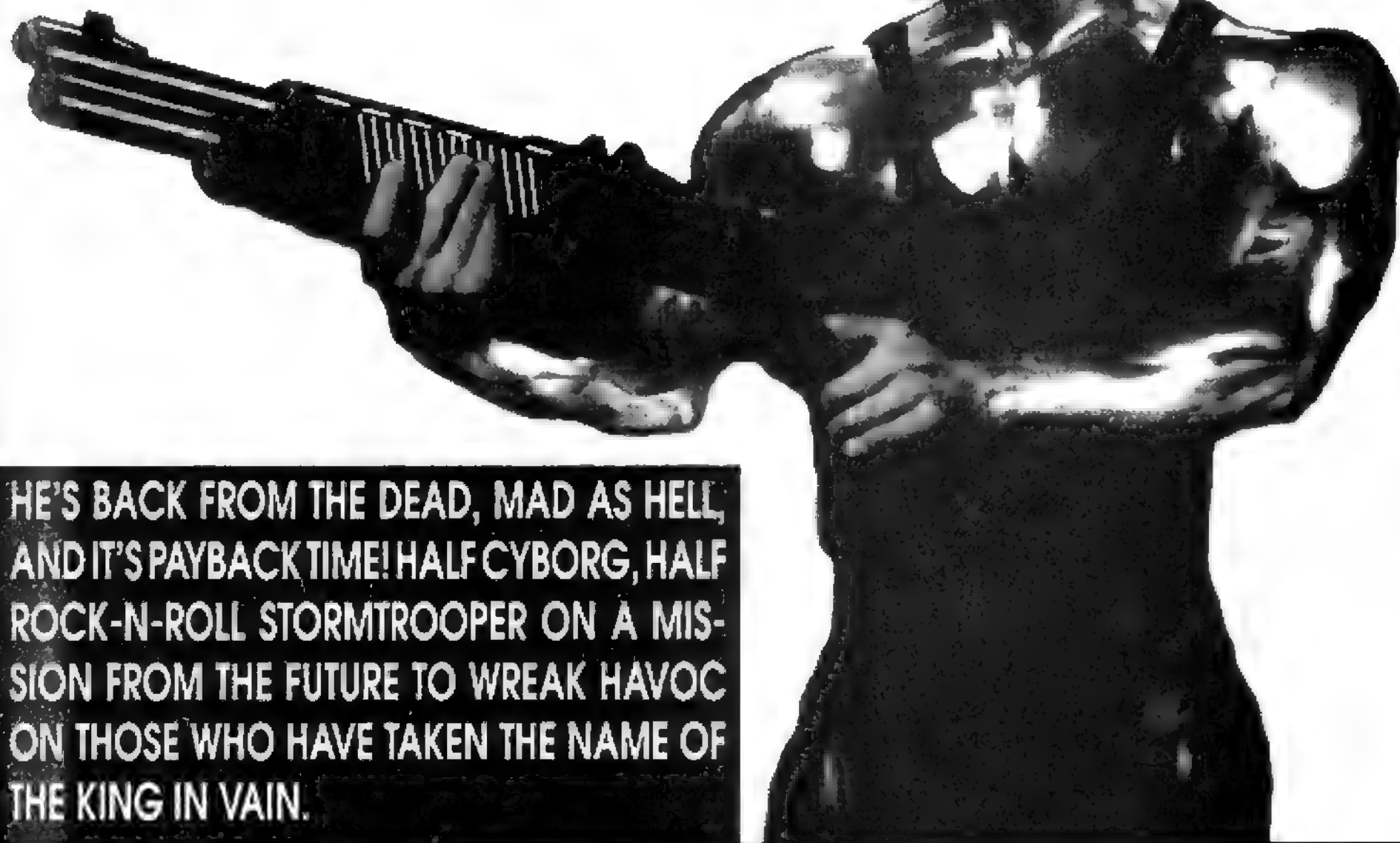
Felter goes on to say: "Transvestites are a sect of society that the mainstream still can't understand or accept. I think it's always a taboo when somebody cross dresses like that. They don't even have to perform anything sexually, just the image is such a rape of icons."

Though a release date isn't set, expect *Run of the House* to hit the independent/art house circuit sometime in 1991. (Plus look for the extended article in the new & improved FILM THREAT with the full scoop on the misadventures of filmmaking in D.C.). •



Felter gives direction to confused adolescent Tabby (Lisa-Marie Felter) and Sady.

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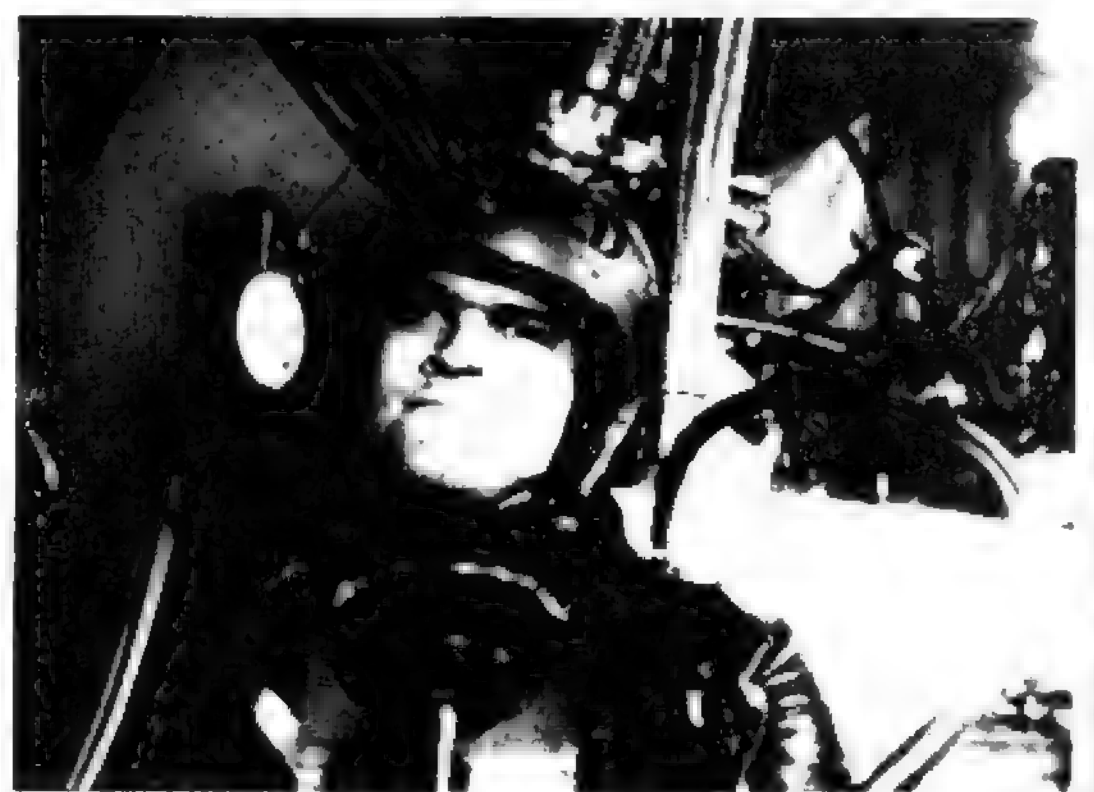
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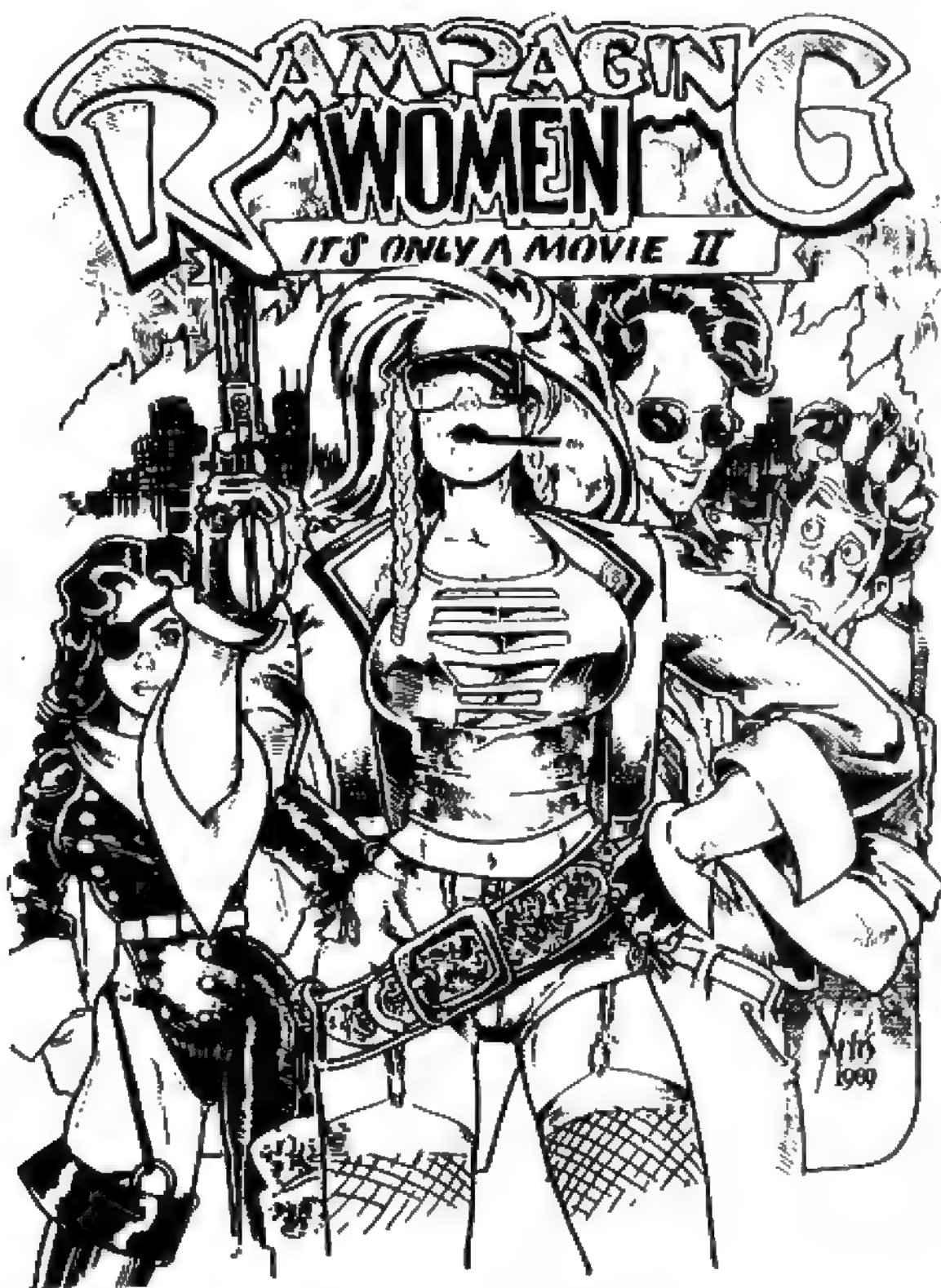
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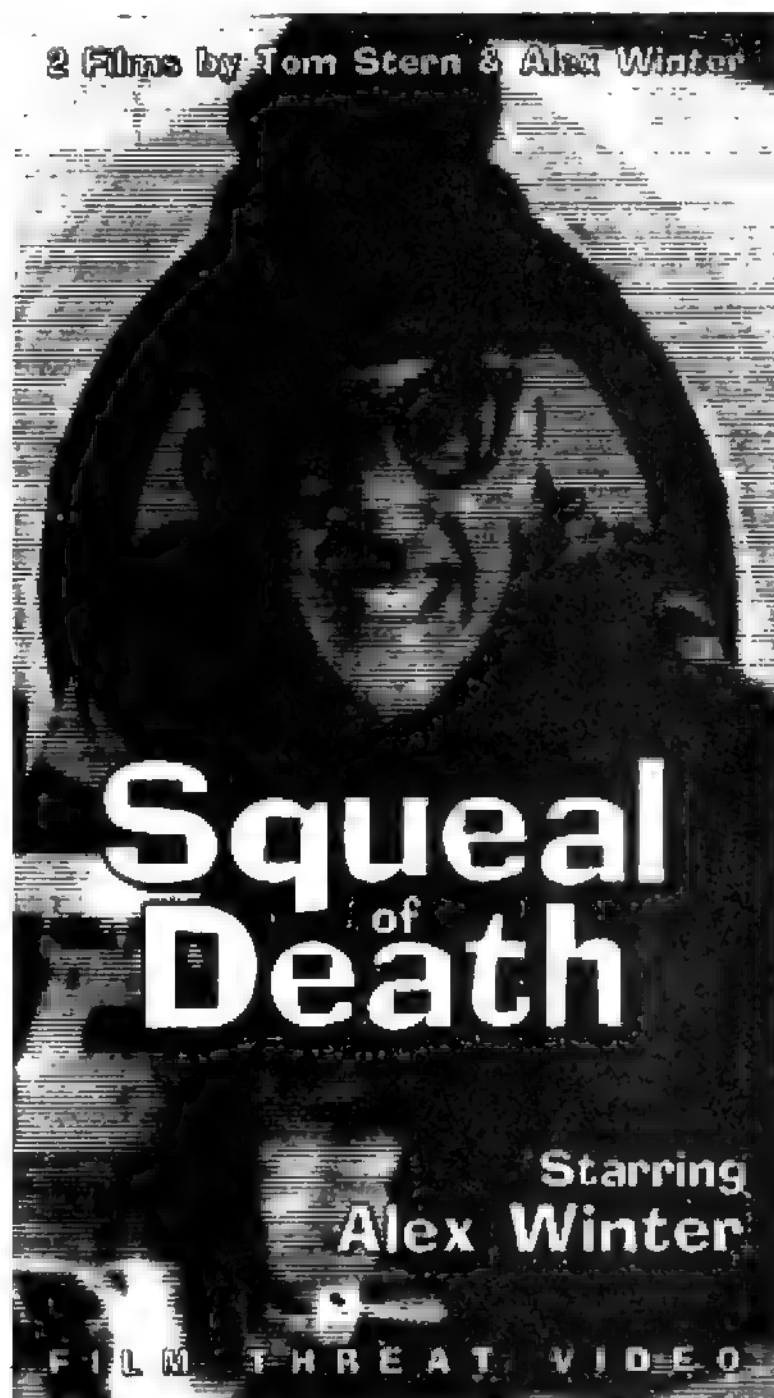
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Therefore, we provide the space and take a small percentage of the selling price, acting as a sub-distributor. This deal gives you, our valued video consumer, the chance to purchase new films and videos that are rare, collector's items or difficult to find. Sounds simple? It is. And every tape is guaranteed quality or your money back. The tapes are sent out by the filmmakers themselves, so if you order more than one tape, expect them to be sent separately, in different packages. Just use the form below and your tapes will be sent promptly.

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LOGO

RUSH MY TAPES TO:

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*You must be 18 or over to purchase these tapes. Please sign at bottom of the form.

MAIL TO: FILM THREAT VIDEO, P.O. BOX 3170, LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-3170 USA

SEND CHECK OR MONEY
ORDER MADE OUT TO
FILM THREAT

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DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE IN
QUANTITY. DISTRIBUTORS
GIVE US A CALL!

If you have a film or video you think people would actually pay money to see, write and ask for details regarding distribution.

SHIPPING

1 tape	\$2.40
2-3 tapes	\$3.60
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7 or more	\$6.00

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Subtract \$2.50 (The cost of this magazine) our gift to you.

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Signature

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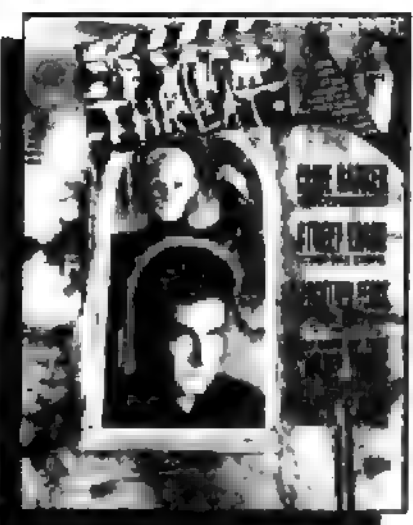
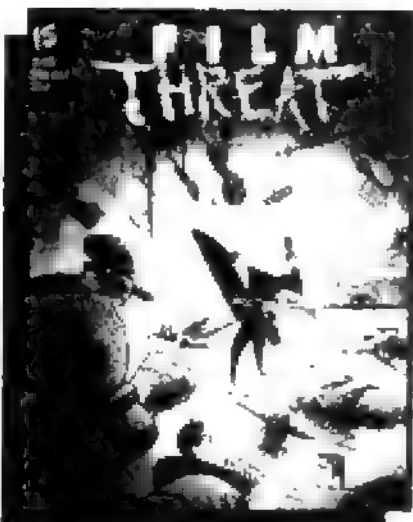
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PHOTOCOPY THIS OR USE A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER.

CLASSIFIEDS

These classified ad rates are for FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE only and do not apply to FILM THREAT MAGAZINE. Please specify which magazine you wish your ad to appear. RATES: First 20 words-\$5.00, each additional 10 words-\$3.00. 1 column inch for display ads-\$25.00. 1 column inch for independent filmmakers for display ads-\$15.50. Check or M.O. to FILM THREAT, INC. Mail to: FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, USA. Indicate section: MAGAZINES, VIDEO, SERVICES, EVENTS, MISC...

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MISCELLANEOUS

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WANTED: Episodes of "HEIL HONEY, I'M HOME", an obscure sitcom from England about Adolf Hitler. Call or write c/o FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE and name your price.

STAR TREK FANS: BE A STAR! Send us your tape and prove you are the biggest fan. The best will star in a tape featuring fans from around the world. Cut off date: January 31, 1991. Send to: BIG FUN TREKKIES, 919 S. Main St. Suite 104, Royal Oak, MI 48067.

ZODIAC KILLER INFO WANTED: San Francisco or New York—articles, books, tapes or anything! I need it! Write to Dave Williams c/o FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE.

EVENTS

FREE listings for FESTIVALS and EVENTS. Send a release exactly as you want it printed—50 words max. Send to: FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE CLASSIFIED LISTINGS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, U.S.A.

FAIR VISION RATIO, a national open screening and exchange program of new works in film and video, is seeking submissions. Send tapes in 3/4", VHS, or Super 8, 16mm film with SASE to: Fair Vision Ratio, 911 Contemporary Arts, 117 Yale Avenue North, Seattle, WA 98109. Contact Alan Pruzan at (206) 682-6552. "Get Pruzaned!"

YAMAGATA INTERNATIONAL DOCUMENTARY FILM FESTIVAL, No Fee! Films must be received by March 31, 1991. Festival runs October 7-13, 1991. Send for information: Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival, Kitagawa Bldg., 4th Floor, 6-42 Kagurazaka, Shinjuku-ku, TOKYO 162 JAPAN. Tel: (03) 266-9704, Fax: (03) 266-9700.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES with FILM THREAT

FILM THREAT is looking for ambitious people to participate in our expansion in 1991. Be a part of a new generation of writers, filmmakers and artists. If you want to have a fun job, these positions may interest you. Send resume and daytime phone number—put job title on envelope. Send to: FILM THREAT JOBS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, U.S.A. All resumes must be received by January 31, 1991.

EDITOR, strong writing, research and interviewing skills. Macintosh computer experience, knowledge of Quark is a plus. Send salary requirements and writing samples. Must live in Los Angeles area or be willing to relocate.

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FILMMAKERS, needed to DIRECT & PRODUCE film and video segments for FILM THREAT VIDEO. Send us your reel (on VHS) or a letter describing a proposed project. Enclose an SASE if you wish to have your material returned.

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